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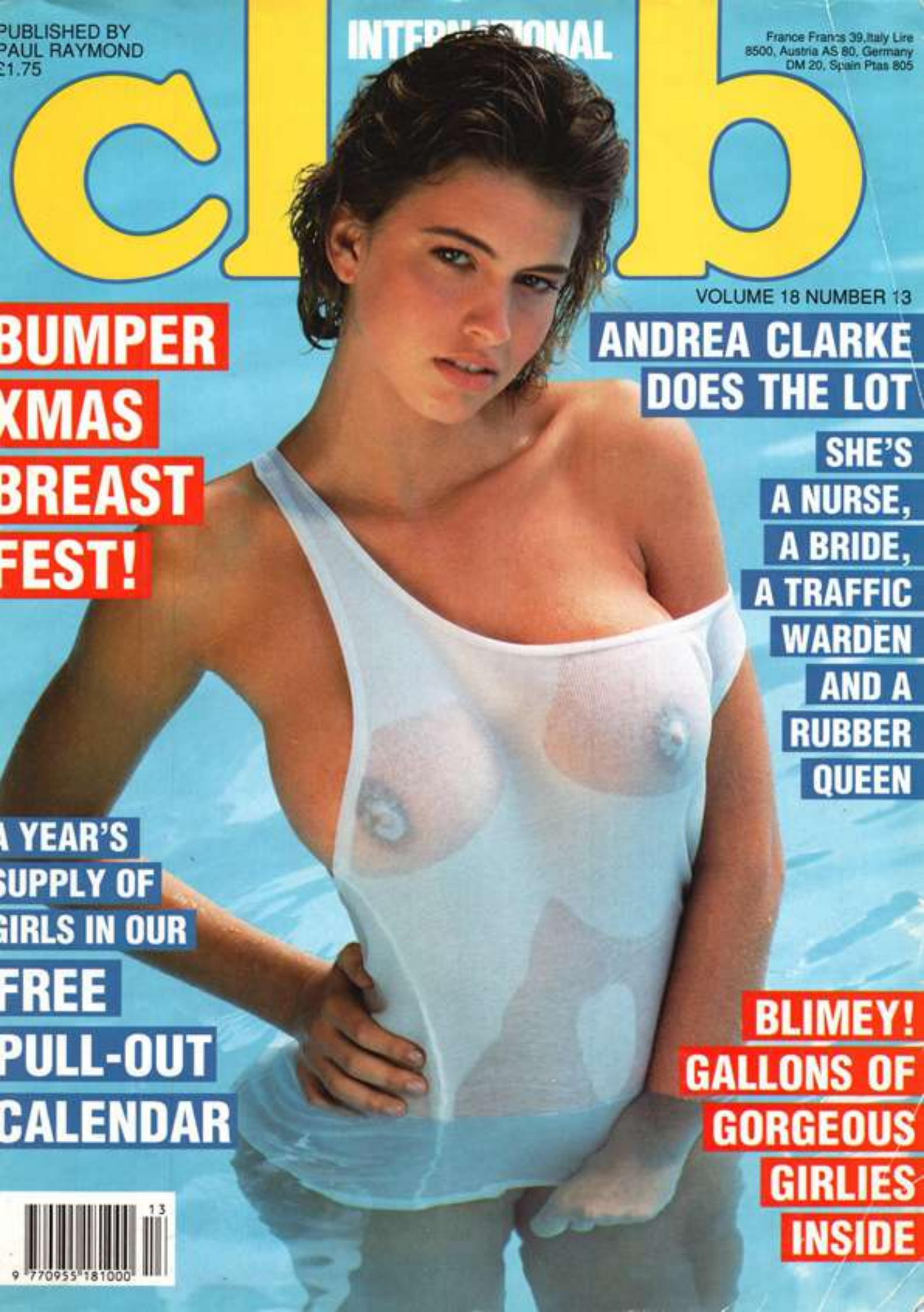

BUMPER XMAS BREAST FEST!

ANDREA CLARKE DOES THE LOT

SHE'S A NURSE, A BRIDE, A TRAFFIC WARDEN AND A RUBBER QUEEN

A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF GIRLS IN OUR FREE PULL-OUT CALENDAR

BLIMEY! GALLONS OF GORGEOUS GIRLIES INSIDE

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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

PUBLIE·PAR·PAUL·RAYMOND

CLUB

POUR HOMMES

AVA, LAURA ET YOLANDA: JUTEUX ANANAS!

NOËL EGOÏSTE: PAS TRISTE!

89 EN MUSIQUE: UN COCKTAIL CAPITEUX

WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

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TEASE!

THIS·MONTH·IN·CLUB

Fame at last! My name's been in the papers a lot recently, as they've run various stories about the nude celebs who keep cropping up in Club. (You might have noticed that I never put my name on the end of this editorial column. That's because my monicker is a bit too stupid. I reckon my old mum had been watching a Domestos advert before she went and got me christened.)

Anyway, every time some hack gets on the blower saying, "Give us a quote about this naughty pic then, Vim-face," I can only think of one thing to say. I say: "It's just a bit of sexy fun." Crap, eh? I've been in about four rags saying that. My mum phoned up the other day and said, "Is there something wrong with your vocabulary, Vortex-features?" I said, "No, I'm still eating the All-Bran." She hung up.

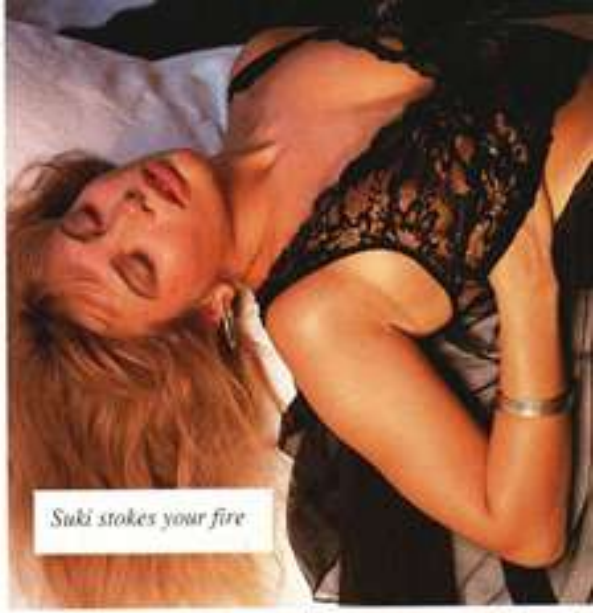
And apart from all that, I've been on a radio quiz show! Well, not quite me - it was a phone-in one and Dominant Dowse took control of the blower. But I did manage to get about four questions wrong for our team, and the DJ almost referred to me by name. (What he actually said was, "He may kill all known germs but he's bloody thick, isn't he?")

Still, I'm quite chuffed about it because Emma Freud used to work for the radio station. There's something incredibly horny about Emma Freud, and I'm glad to feel there's now some connection between us, however slight. If she reads this, though, she'll probably phone up and say, "Knob off, bog-breath." Ah well.

I have just been reminded that not only is this the Christmas editorial, it's the last editorial I'll write this decade. Perhaps I should write something long and boring about the beginning of a new decade and all that stuff, but instead I've decided I'll write something short and boring instead.

A big thank you to every reader who's stuck with us through the '80s - you've seen some changes, but it's still the same old bunch of pissed layabouts up here at the palatial Club HQ. We hope you're enjoying Club and all its gorgeous girls more every year - if you're not, let us know - and we also hope you're going to keep us in beer and computer games for another ten. Well, you wouldn't want a gang like us hanging around on street corners, supping Tennents and making the place look untidy, now would you?

Ed ♠



Suki stokes your fire

Tasty Tamara, our catwalk tigress

Kerry - caught in the act

Sadie wants to see all you've got

French kissing and blue talking

Rosie – this month's scarlet woman

COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see

There's plenty of you who'd love to get your leg over with Lori, the girl whose stockings really give her the horn. "They give me a bloody great big stonker!" says Tim of Enfield, and we're inclined to agree with him - so this second bite at Lori's cherry is for him, and Terry, John and Duncan of Fareham, all ardent Lori fans. Control yourselves, lads! ♠

IN·THE·BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Yes, Tonight, Jaqueline!

I just have one thing to say about Jaqueline (Vol 18 No 9) - unsurpassable! Without doubt she is the most beautiful thing on the planet. I can now die a happy man, though hopefully not for a while, as I'm only 134.

Jaqueline's arse would make an archbishop itch and her twat would titillate a trappist teetotaller's tongue. She also has a boat-race which is a damn sight better than Harry Carpenter's. However, listen closely, little munchkins... you may have noticed that ladies tend to have two sort of lumps about half way between their belly buttons and their chins. Yes? And did you notice, perchance, that Jaqueline's happen to be just about the most perfect anyone has ever seen? I'm sure you did. Then why print so many photos in which they are completely invisible? *('Cos I wanted to look at her bum - Ed.)*

However, I will forgive you this once, but only if you promise to have another flash of Jaqueline very soon, and only if you pass on to her the vital information that in the photo where she has both hands on her tits the distance between her boobs is *exactly* the thickness of my cock. I'm sure she'll find this extremely interesting.

Yours simply gobsmacked,
The McTool of McTool,
Darkest Fife
P.S. Doesn't Jacqueline have a 'c' in it?
No. - Ed

Tease Me, Please Me

I've just returned from a long stay with some friends of my parents and what a stay it was! From the moment we met, it was obvious Tracey (I thought I'd better change her name!) fancied me, but she also turned out to be a champion prick teaser. She's an attractive 35-year-old with a small, but shapely and well preserved body.

She started with the usual flash of thigh as she curled up in the armchair; then gradually progressed, exposing more and more of her delicious body. She left her door open while dressing and over the next few days I saw her first minus her blouse, then without a skirt, then in just a skimpy see-through bra and panties. I was loving it but also going crazy with frustration.

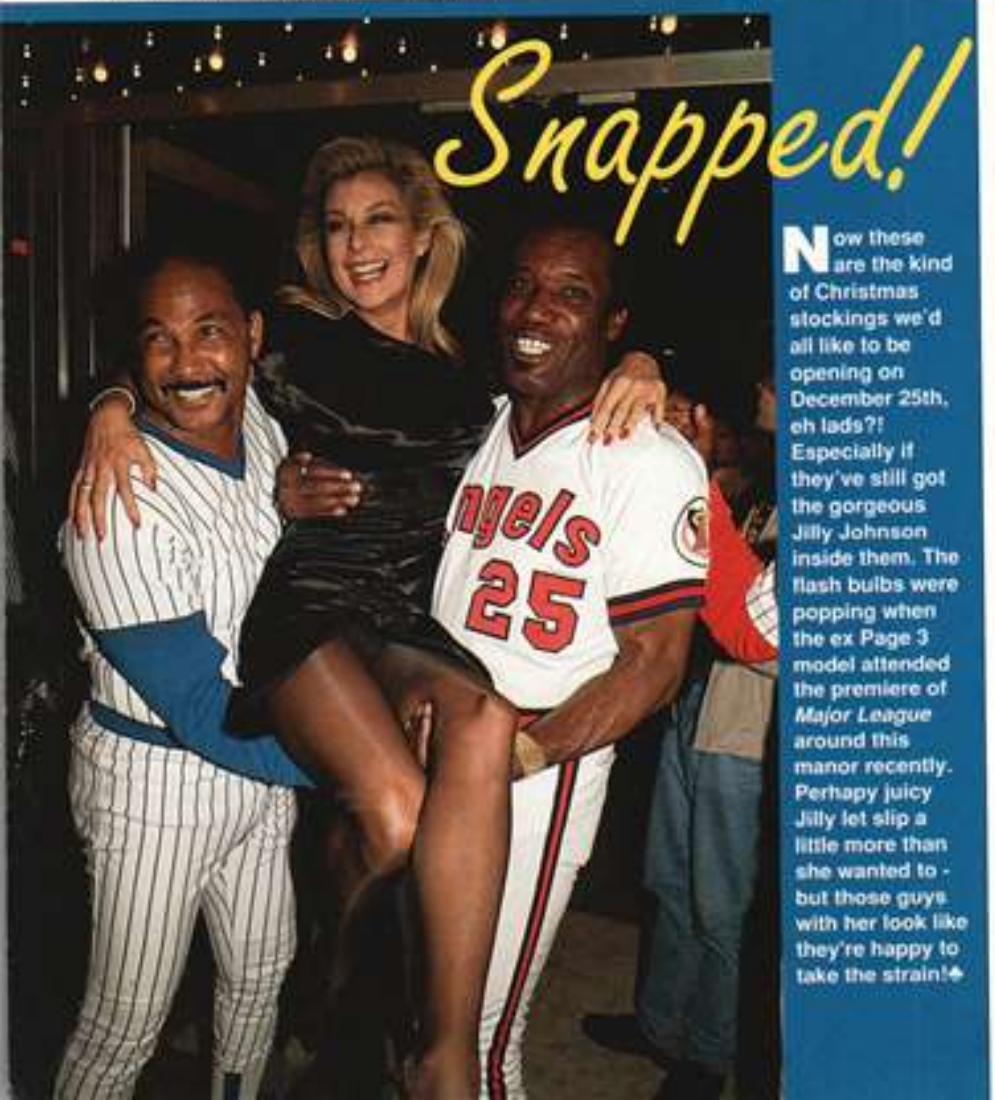
She didn't stop there. I got a flash of her mouth-watering titties as I caught her in just a pair of bright tanga briefs. It was almost as if she was waiting for me to find her. Then, the following morning, it was a full frontal exposure. I got an eyeful of her dense thatch of black pubes. It was driving me crazy. All week she continued to tease me with her body, which oozed sexuality, but made no attempt to take it further.

This changed a couple of weeks later, when she stepped up a gear.

First I caught her playing with her boobs in front of a mirror. Then came a real surprise. I walked past an open toilet door and saw her standing astride the toilet, totally naked, pissing into the bowl below her. On every occasion she pretended to be embarrassed and, after a delay, covered herself up. Her last act of teasing was no exception. This time, I walked past her bedroom and saw her writhing naked on the bed with her legs open and a huge vibrator stuffed up her love-hole. I decided it was time for action.

Two days later I took her a cup of tea in bed after her husband Trevor had gone to work. As I was putting the tea on her bedside table she spoke.

"God, I feel randy," she said



Now these are the kind of Christmas stockings we'd all like to be opening on December 25th, eh lads?! Especially if they've still got the gorgeous Jilly Johnson inside them. The flash bulbs were popping when the ex Page 3 model attended the premiere of *Major League* around this manor recently. Perhapy juicy Jilly let slip a little more than she wanted to - but those guys with her look like they're happy to take the strain!♠

Dear Linda,

Your pictures in Vol 18 No 9 have got me so horny I don't know where to begin, though I know it will end with me spunking yet another load of cream over your wonderful body. And for you, Linda, you can bet there'll be lots, which I'd love to see you rubbing into your skin. Your tits are simply sensational, and my cock is so hard it's aching.

I love the way you offer your boobs, just asking for a long, stiff tool in your cleavage. Your nipples are the most beautiful I have ever seen. Seeing those two huge, lickable areolae either side of my prick, which would be straining between your squashy, juicy tits, would make me spray my jizz all over your lovely, freckly skin. Some of it would shoot on to your gorgeous sexy face, and I can just see you licking a pearl of white spunk from your horny, pouting lips. I can tell that you love taking cock and come in your mouth as well as in your tight, wet pussy. Your cunt lips are like petals that give way easily when my cock pushes into you, letting out a gush of juice, and making you feel

You wouldn't believe the price of willies these days!

really full up.

I love your sexy looks, your cock teasing tits and nipples - I love all of you, in fact, and need lots, lots more. I'd love to give you what you want - you could make me come just by looking at me, and I'd make you come with my cock, my tongue, and my fingers. I'm near to coming again, Linda - it's those tits, they're just too much. Please let's see you again in Club soon. - *Jack, Yorks*

So you're a tit lover, are you, Jack? Well, you know what I like to do to tit lovers like you, don't you? I love to get them underneath me on the bed and grab their hot little pecker and thrust it roughly between my tits, so that they can't escape even if they wanted to (which they don't). Then I move my lovely soft boobs up and down, getting faster and faster, until they shoot their cream all over my chin. How about that, then? - Linda

promptly whipping off her duvet, revealing her gorgeous naked body. I thought, this is it, and waited for her next move.

"I want you to do something about it," she said calmly.

My cock was rising rapidly as I knelt beside her and started to kiss and lick her flat, suntanned stomach. She made noises of approval which increased in intensity as I moved up to her small but succulent breasts.

"Oh yes, that's lovely," she sighed as I fondled, kissed, licked, sucked and nibbled her delightful little globes. She gasped whenever I rolled her red hot, engorged nipples between my teeth.

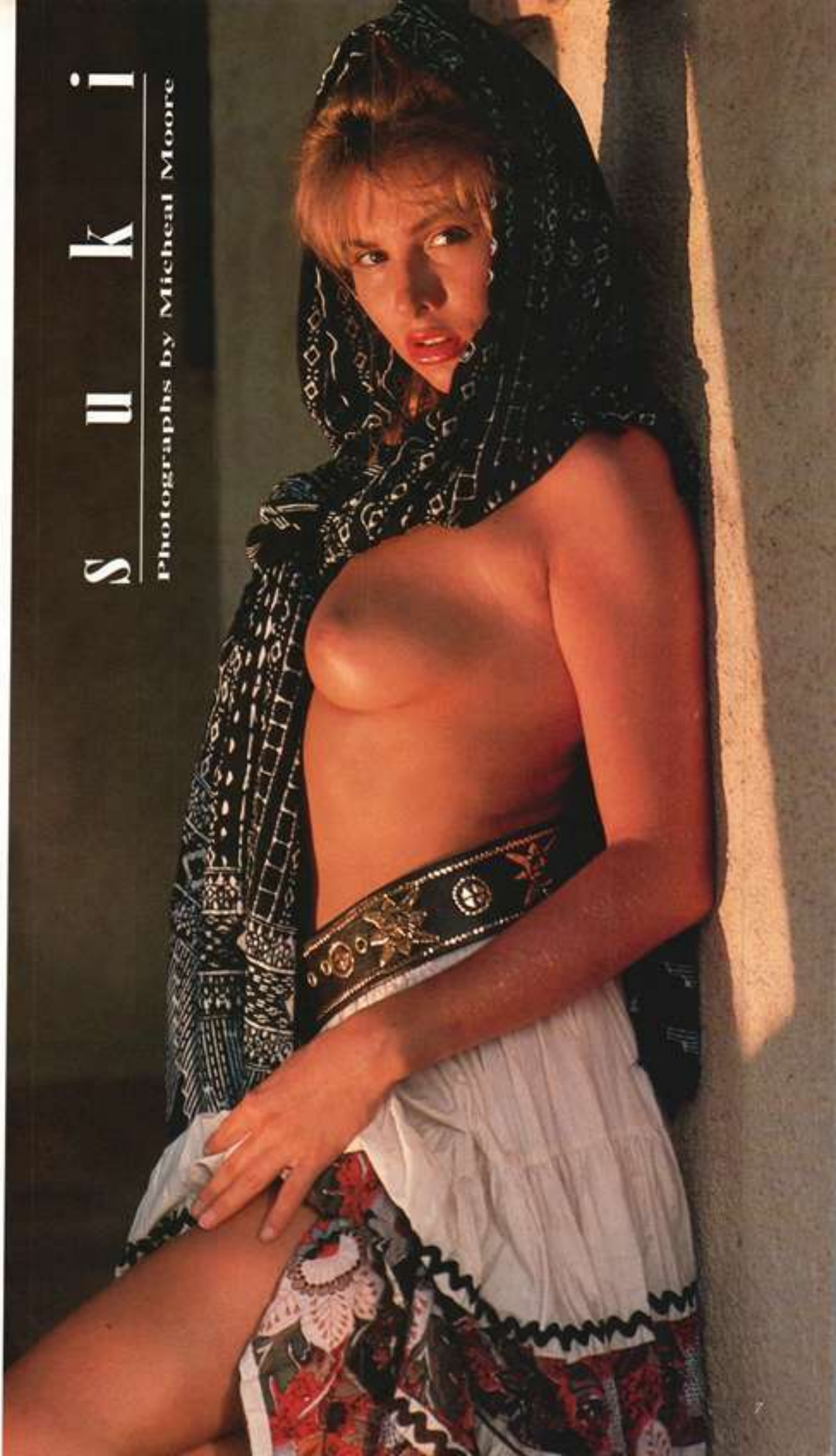
"My pussy needs some attention," she said, as she lifted my head and smiled at me. I climbed between her legs and licked the burning flesh of her inner thighs as I ran my fingers softly through her luxuriant pubes. Her pussy looked really inviting, the soft, pouting flesh of her labia glistening underneath her unclipped bush as her juices leaked on to the sheet. Opening her up with my left hand, I lapped up the delicious love cream before thrusting my tongue into her vagina. I vigorously licked the walls of her cunt while massaging her clitty with my right thumb.

"Oh yes, I love it, do it hard! Fuck me with your tongue,"

Continued on page 16

Suki

Photographs by Michael Moore



Our dirty Dane Suki Larsen couldn't wait to show you what she does when she goes home to see her parents near Copenhagen. "I take all my clothes off!" she grins. "I've been living over in London for the last year.

in Camden," the 19-year-old blonde told us, "but as you can imagine there's not really much opportunity to get your clothes off there. So last time I went back home I took the Club photographer and he took some shots in my bedroom, in our garden, and on our patio too. It was a little cold, but worth it, don't you think?

"Taking my clothes off has always seemed very natural to me, and especially if I'm doing it to turn men on. English guys find me very liberal, and that

means I've got a hectic sex life! I'm trying to be an actress, and I model to earn the money to pay for my acting classes. And to meet men, of course - that's why I've loved posing for Club. Would you like me back?"

Well, lads?...♣

SON OF BAD JOKE

A Wombat was on a visit to Amsterdam and wandered into the red-light district where he met a prostitute.

"Hello, big Wombat. Fancy a good time?" asked the prostitute.

"Yes, that sounds nice," agreed the Wombat, and went off with the woman. The Wombat took the prostitute for a meal then said he felt like screwing. So the woman took him back to her house and they shagged Wombat style (like doggy fashion, but with a built-in posing pouch).

When they had finished, the prostitute turned to the Wombat and said, "What about the money then, Wombat?"

"I'm sorry?" said the Wombat. "I don't understand." So the prostitute got out a dictionary and turned to the appropriate page. The entry read, 'Prostitute: Woman paid for sexual favours'.

"Ah," said the Wombat. "But do you know what the definition of a Wombat is?" With that he got up and ran out of the door. The prostitute chased him but lost him in the back streets. She went back to her flat and looked in the dictionary; it read: 'Wombat: Quadruped Marsupial. *Eats, shoots and leaves!*'

It was little Tommy's birthday so his gran takes him to the seaside. As they are walking along the seafront Tommy sees a candy floss stall.

"Gran, gran, buy me a candy floss!" pleads Tommy.

"Look," says his gran, "I've taken you to the seaside and now you want a candy floss."

"But gran, it *is* my birthday!"

"Oh, all right then," agrees his gran.

Minutes later Tommy sees a toffee apple stall.

"Gran, buy me a toffee apple," screams Tommy.

"Look, I've brought you to the seaside, I've bought you candy floss and now you want a toffee apple!" says his gran.

"But it *is* my birthday, gran," whines Tommy.

"Oh, all right then," concedes his gran.

Later Tommy sees a man selling donkey rides on the beach.

"Gran, gran, get me a donkey," says little Tommy.

"Look, I've taken you to the seaside, I've bought you candy floss, I've even bought you a toffee apple and now you want a donkey ride," complains Tommy's gran.

"But gran, it *is* my birthday," whinges the brat.

The child gets his way and the old woman hires a donkey for the rest of the day. The donkey hire man informs Tommy's gran that the donkey's name is Wanker.

As they walk off down the beach Tommy lets go of the reins. "Gran, gran," he shouts, "Wanker's off!"

"Look, Tommy, I've brought you to the seaside...."

Both these crap jokes are from Ealing's worst, JM. Next time you feel like sending some purp like this in, don't bother! ♣

IN·THE·BAG

Continued from page 7

she wailed.

I looked up to find her violently tweaking her scarlet nipples as she neared a climax. She wrapped her legs around my neck and jerked her pussy into my face as she lost control, grunting and squealing as she came.

For a while, as she recovered, I thought I might be in for another frustrating wank; but to my delight and relief, after a few minutes she pulled me beside her and proceeded to spend an eternity licking and caressing my entire body. Eventually she grabbed my throbbing tool and knelt fully astride it.

"God, I need this," she said, and with a contented sigh, she slid down it till our pubes mingled. She rode me hard for five minutes and at the end she wanked me into her cunt as she came.

Over the next two months I fucked her a dozen times or more. The most memorable session was on the bonnet of her car at the top of a multi-storey car park, both of us naked, watched by the occupants of the office block which was within spitting distance. But that's another story altogether! - *Richard, Bracknell*

Meaty Cleavage

I'm sure I'm not the only reader of Club who is a passionate admirer of deep, fleshy cleavages and the sight of luscious, full breasts swinging free and unfettered. I just love it in Club when a girl poses on all fours, with her tits hanging down just waiting to be squeezed and held as they dangle tantalisingly. They don't have to be particularly big boobs, so long as they make a nice, bouncy handful.

Whenever I see a juicy cleavage I can't help imagining what it would be like to have them hanging over me while I lie underneath, getting more and more worked up. Sometimes I find out for real - in fact, the first time I saw Alison, my current girl, my eyes were riveted by her gorgeous cleavage, revealed by

NUTTER'S CORNER

Has this guy had his chips? Or is he just a stupid burger?! When you go to his house does he say, "Make yourself at home, pull up a Big Mac?" Should this man be imprisoned for the rest of his natural life and told to stick his hands down his undies and do something useful with them? Did you know they made strait jackets in Hawaiian prints? We don't know, but these crazy cushions look like fun to us.

This nutter also makes the only Porsche with enough room to screw in. No squeezing your balls between the bucket seats, with the hand brake up your jacksi, because this one's got a built-on settee. This particular model is the *What-Furniture* sports sofa of the year.

Surprisingly, this particular Porsche won't cost you as much as the real thing, but what won't surprise you is the fact that all this zany fun-iture comes from California, USA. But what do you expect from people who sit on their snacks and drive their home furnishings on the right hand side of the living room? ♣

Death on Wheels

The 'Iron Mistress' looks like the sort of car you'd only be seen dead in. That's right, a hearse. A dead cool motor it might be, but there's no room for stiffs!

Even though there's room in the back for a whole party the name has nothing to do with the Conservative Party

However, as your financial adviser I do see a small light at the end of the tunnel...

a lovely low-cut pink top. Her tits bounced sexily as she moved. They were perfect - round, firm, not too big, but more than a mouthful for sure.

Alison must have noticed my attention and liked it, because she seemed to make a point of passing near me in the office, even bending down and leaning over the desk towards me, allowing me to take in the perfume of her cleavage. I didn't need much encouragement to ask her out, and after a very expensive meal in a French restaurant, I couldn't wait to get her home and wallow in that inviting cleavage.

Alison was dressed for the occasion in another low-cut top, this time white and clinging, so that her cleavage was still prominent, and she obviously wasn't wearing a bra. She also turned out to be a real dirty talker, which also gets me going like mad.

"That was a lovely dinner," she said. "How shall I say thank you?" and she smiled, showing that she already knew exactly what she was going to do. She undressed me completely and told me to lie on my back on the bed. Then

Continued on page 22

Top Ten Corner

1. Kathy Lloyd - model
2. Suzannah Hoffs - singer
3. Sheena Easton - singer
4. Jerry Hall - model
5. Rosanna - Vol 17 No 10
6. Kim Basinger - actress
7. Jo Phillips - model
8. Whitney Houston - singer
9. Selina Scott - TV presenter
10. Vicki Michelle - actress

PAG, West Midlands

Dear Monica,

I can't believe you are really so shy - you certainly have a natural talent for posing the way that gets me the kind of hard-on that throbs and tingles till the creamy spunk floods out in jets for you.

I bet you wouldn't be coy in the bedroom. I would adore undressing you. Your skin looks smoother than silk and I would love to stroke every inch of your beautiful body. I adore your hair and your sexy expression, too. You might look a bit shy, but your eyes are looking for a nice fat cock for you to suck with that beautiful, luscious mouth. I'd like to rub your skin gently. Your tits, your legs, your neck, and your fabulous kissable bottom.

Eventually I'd reach your pink, delectable, fair-haired fanny and tease my finger between your fleshy lips, making your juices trickle out. If you are so shy I expect you play with yourself a lot, but maybe you'd like it more when I brought you off with my fingers.

As your skin is so soft and beautiful, I would really like to do a long slow dance with you, naked. Pressing you really close to me as we moved, I'd run my hands through your gorgeous hair and over your bottom, while you kiss my neck and squash your springy boobs against my chest. My stiff cock will be digging into your tummy as we dance and finally the movement of your skin against my straining prick will make me ejaculate against you and we will both feel the hot come as we press even closer together.

How about it, Monica - do you fancy a dance with me? - *Leonard, Lancs*

I certainly do, if it means that I get a lovely load of come all over my tummy. As you can tell, Leonard, I'm not really all that shy - I just pretend to be sometimes because I know the guys love it! Really I just love to talk dirty to you, and tell you exactly where I want you to put your cock. But your come on my tummy will do for now. - Monica

nd their metallic leader. In act, the car gained its name hen the owner's wife elivered an ultimatum: "It's ither me or that bloody ar!" Well, there's only one nswer to that, eh lads? The ainted flames on the front erve as a reminder of the woman's reaction to his decision.

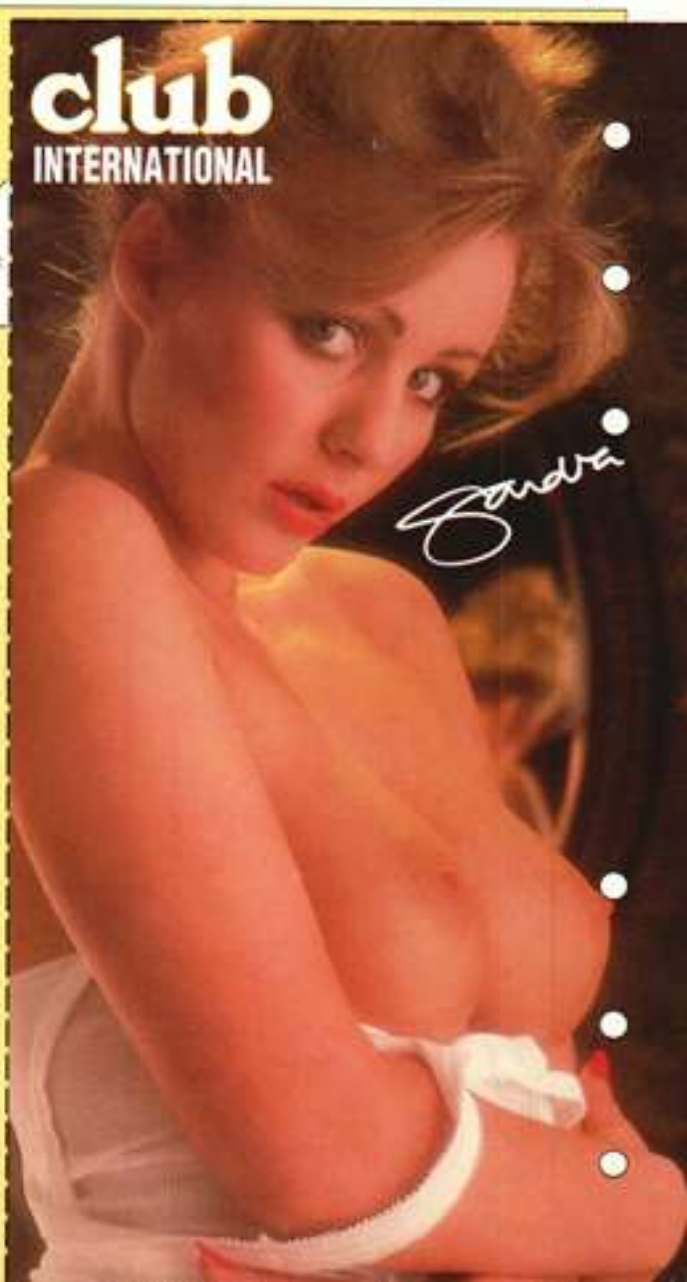
Well, that's what we were told, but we think it's got more to do with the dirty picture on the boot, the double bed in the back and the knackered suspension on all four wheels! ♣

filo sex

Fluff

Club would like to make it clear to all you Gordon Gekkos, 'Fat Lunching' round EC1, that Filosex (PLC) is an equal opportunities employer. That is, every month we offer two munchy maidens equal shares of your considerable interest to rip their togs off, while you get your prick out and do some big spending on them. Now you can't say fairer than that. And we'll be floating it on the Stock Market very soon, so you'll all be able to have your shares in them.

Filosex: another Great Bottish company - it won't stop your British Fund 'Longs' falling short, but it'll give you a fucking big stonker! ♣



DICK!

Crusty PI ***Richard Slick*** *goes on the trail of two guys disguised as a missing cow, in the Case of the Beanstalk Sanction.*

I was sitting in my office. It was the week before Christmas, though you wouldn't have guessed it by looking out of the window. My office is situated across the tracks from Easy Street in the roughest, toughest, nastiest district of LA. If the red, red robin ever came bob, bob, bobbin' along in this neighbourhood someone would eat the poor bastard.

The office door burst open and two flatfoots walked in. I recognised them instantly. It was Sergeant Paddy McSpreader and Captain Brendan O'Hooligan. The pair of them were so bent they had to screw their hats on.

"It's Christmas time, Richard," McSpreader barked, "and we're doing a little charity collecting."

Collecting for charity! If he'd wrapped his chopper in green tinsel and told me it was the King of Norway's Christmas tree I'd've been more likely to believe him. "Sure, Sergeant," I snapped, "and I guess charity starts at home, right?"

"Don't get wise with us," O'Hooligan snarled. "We got things we can pin on you, smartass."

"O'Hooligan," I rapped. "You couldn't pin the tail on the donkey if you were wearing a cellophane blindfold."

"Oh yeah?" O'Hooligan growled. "You know Mike Hunt?"

"No," I countered, "but by the look on your face I can imagine it."

"Mike Hunt," McSpreader spat, "better known as Sandy Cleft."

Sandy Cleft. Of course I knew him. He was a bum who liked to hang around on the beach. He'd been born with a pair of pricks and he had a mohican hair-cut.

"Sure," I jabbed, "he's a two-bit punk."

"He was," O'Hooligan yapped. "They fished him out of the water this morning. We're opening a murder investigation, and you just might be chief suspect."

The guy was more full of shit than a cheap Christmas cracker. "You're crazy, O'Hooligan," I snapped. "You could never make it stick."

"That's what Screwy Louie the shamus from Las Vegas said," McSpreader yelled, "and what happened to him?"

"I don't know," O'Hooligan hissed. "But he's still walking round with a filing cabinet glued to his balls."

"Go on you, scumbags," I barked. "Beat it."

There was no doubt about it, those guys were funnier than an oven ready turkey. Just.

The phone went. Luckily I managed to grab it before it got to the stairs. I lifted the receiver. "Mr Slick. Mr Richard Slick?" It was a dame. A limey dame. Her voice packed more class than a Mexican school. I answered in the affirmative.

"Mr Slick," the dame purred. "This is Mavis Bendover. I'm an actress with an English company. We're over at the Rialto Theatre doing a traditional British pantomime, *Jack and the Beanstalk*."

"I've seen the adverts."

"Ohhhhhhhhh no, you haven't," Miss Bendover bellowed.

"Oh yes, I have."

"He hasn't, has he boys and girls?"

"Cut the crap, lady," I snapped, "and give me the facts."

"I'm awfully sorry," Mavis sighed. "I'm afraid I get so terribly involved with my part I find it ever so difficult to stop."

She had my sympathy. I get pretty involved with my own part sometimes, specially when I'm sitting in front of the fish tank with a plate of chicken chow mein on my lap.

"I wonder if you could come to the theatre," Miss Bendover murmured. "Our cow has disappeared."

I said I'd be right over. I was an expert on missing cows. My wife had left me years ago. Sylvia Ditten, what a dame! She once read in a magazine that women should take in a little culture every once in a while, so she started eating the mould off the inside of the icebox on alternate Tuesdays.

As I drove to the Rialto I couldn't help thinking about that first Christmas we were married. I gave her Chanel No 5 and a silk negligée. She gave me a rubber glove and a box of tissues. She made our Christmas lunch. Even the dustbin got food poisoning. That was the day I realised how immature she was. She spent the whole afternoon locked in the bathroom. All because I wouldn't let her play with my Action Man.

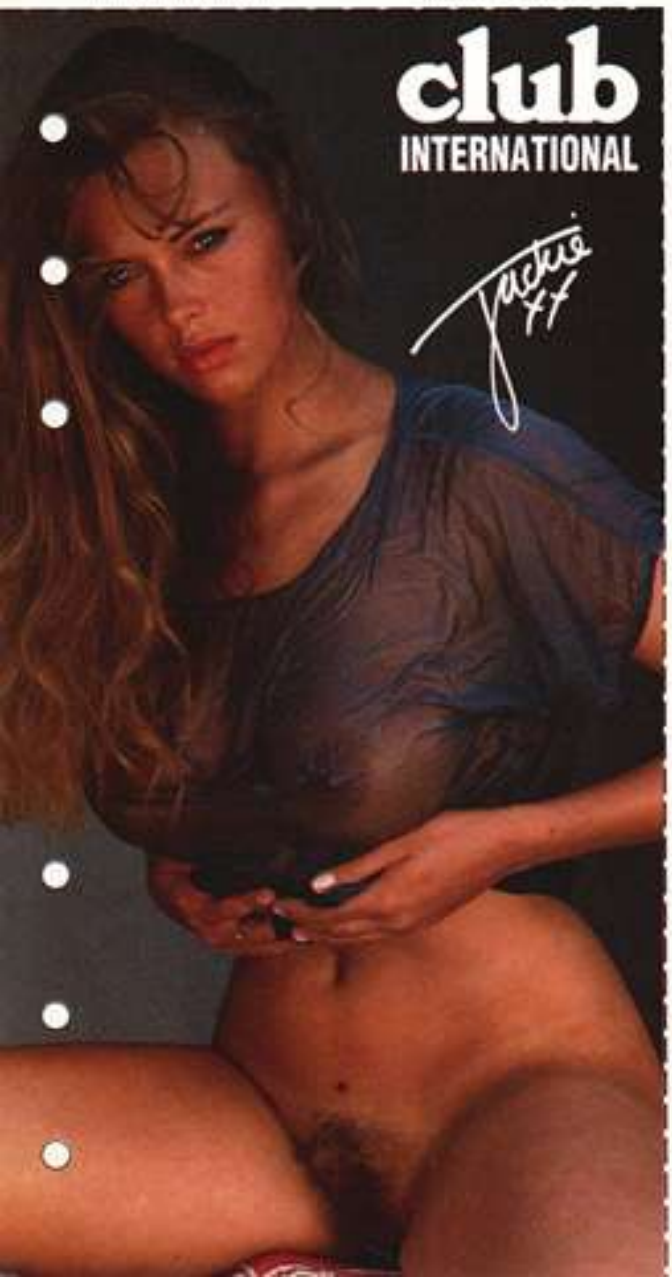
I got out of my car at the theatre. Over on the corner of the street there was a fat Father Christmas in a wheelchair. He was sucking a lollipop. "Ho Ho Ho, Ricky baby," he shouted.

Boy, the city must have been short of cash if it needed to hire Frank Rockjakoside as a Santa Claus. The guy was so dumb he thought Dickens' *Christmas Carol* was a girl that got screwed a lot at a festive orgy.

I ignored Rockjakoside and went into the theatre. Mavis Bendover was waiting to greet me. She was tall and slim, with the kind of flaming red hair that could burn a guy's pants off. She gave me a look that had "highly inflammable" stencilled all over it. There was no doubt about it, this was the kind of dame who would smoke in bed. And I'd like to bet there wasn't a fireman in the city who'd be willing to put her out.

"How did it happen, ma'am?" I barked.

"Well," Miss Bendover



IN AND OUT

What's hip in humping, what's naff in nadgers - Club's unique style guide. By Terence Trendy ♣

IN	OUT
The Rolling Stones	Mick Jagger
telephones	door bells
kipping in skips	snoring
tractor tyres	'L' plates
shouting	being polite
heart transplants	labotomies
Ribena	Perrier water
Strongbow Cider	warm lager
cleavages	smelly pits
calling your friend a cunt	shagging your friend
shoe sex	wellington fucking
Wizard of Oz	The Sound of Music
Sugar	Sweetex
Panama	The Maldives
Aquarians	Scorpios
carpet burns on girls' bums	love bites on girls' bums

husked. "Daisy the cow was standing here. I had my back turned because I was pulling a guy."

"Which guy?" I snapped.

"This guy," she squealed, indicating a rope hanging from the rafters. "We use them for moving scenery. The principal boy was on the stage..."

"What's he look like?" I jabbed.

Miss Bendover pointed to an advertising poster. The principal boy had shapely legs, long blonde hair and a swelling chest. "I got news for you lady," I snarled. "That boy's a dame."

"Of course, darling," Mavis sighed. "The boy's a dame, the dame's a guy, the guy is a rope, the goose is a girl and the cow's two blokes. It's traditional."

"Try telling that to the judge," I yelled. No wonder the limeys were weird if they were forced to watch this kind of sick shit when they were kids.

"You got a Red Indian working here named Autumn Leaves," I snarled, "and a couple of fast talking black kids from the Bronx called The Sweet Rappers?"

Miss Bendover looked about as surprised as if she'd found out she was overdrawn at the sperm bank. "How did you know that?" she gasped.

"Because they're the guys that have got Daisy," I snapped. "Autumn Leaves and the Sweet Rappers are the biggest rustlers in LA."

"Mr Slick," Miss Bendover gushed. "You're brilliant. I don't know what you're having for Christmas lunch but I would be delighted if you'd like to eat my underwear."

She was a good looking dame and by the gleam in her eye I could tell she'd know how to pull a guy's cracker. "Sorry ma'am," I snapped. "I got a twenty-four pound turkey at home. Beside which, the gussets always stick between my teeth. Happy Christmas."♣

Rosie

Photographs by Scott Evans

Last month 20-year-old Rosie was spreading her considerable charms across the centrefold and telling us about how she was waiting for the right guy to take her virginity. Now it seems her Prince Charming has arrived!

"I couldn't wait to tell you that I've slept with a guy at last. We met at a party where he recognised me from my modelling in Club," recalls the now deflowered Rosie. "I knew that I had to let him take me to bed. I started to feel really sexy and I could feel a strange tingling between my legs, the same feeling that I get when I play with myself in a photo shoot.

"I was very shy at first but when we started kissing and cuddling back at his place I relaxed and decide to really enjoy my first sexual experience. Believe me, it was fabulous - and now I can't wait to try it again...and again...." ♣

INTERNATIONAL

club

1989 GIRL OF THE YEAR

AVE A NAUGHTY

JANUARY

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1990 WITH

INTERNATIONAL club

JULY

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TAPED!

Christmas comes but once a year, and when it does it's full of... ***Allan Bryce****. And unfortunately, he comes once a month.*

Hello and welcome to more incisive comments on the wonderful world of video porn. Under peril of a lawsuit from both Tarby and the publishers of *The Beano*, the Ed has told me to tone down the humorous content of the column (so I won't tell you the one about why Adam was the world's first bookkeeper - he turned over a leaf and made an entry). Instead let's get on with what Barry Norman would call the wanking material, starting with **Randy Desert Lovers**, which is a bit similar to what *Out Of Africa* would have been like if they'd chucked away the plot and Meryl Streep had got her threepenny's out and been stuffed silly by Robert Redford in just about every scene.

Rather than waste time messing about with Meryl's three million dollar salary, the makers wisely decided to save their pennies and get hold of a certain Miss Michelle Davy. Okay, so she can't act her way out of a paper bag, but it's safe to say that she has a bigger pair of headlamps than Meryl (come to think of it, she's got a bigger pair of headlamps than my Mini as well) and fortunately is not afraid to whip 'em out every time the story looks like bogging down behind a sand dune.

Here's the lowdown on the plot: Michelle is journeying through the dark continent (Africa, not Balham) when her Land Rover breaks down and she suddenly finds herself at the mercy of the scorching desert heat. Luckily a randy Arab happens to be passing by, and spotting the fact that our heroine has bigger humps than his camel he whisks her off to his harem to see if she's as good a ride.

Cut to the inside of the Arab chappie's palace, which is packed to bursting with naked female crumpet. He offers Michelle a glass of gold top - proving to the audience that he must be a milk sheik - and politely asks if she would mind giving him a blow-job. No problem there apparently, though the spoilsport censor only lets us see a non-explicit back view of Michelle getting her gums round his plums.

Afterwards she is passed on to become a hand maiden to one of the Arab's wives. This involves much frantic lesbian nookie which goes on until a handsome passer-by (in the desert?) rescues her and gives her one just out of courtesy. The ambiguous fadeout asks the question: "Was it all an erotic dream?" I dunno - but pass that stain remover anyway...

Now I always say that there's nothing like a good murder mystery, and my next tape, **Good Girl, Bad Girl** is indeed nothing like a good murder mystery. It all centres around the bizarre demise of the beautiful, sensuous Hollywood actress Velva (her folks called her Vulva at first, but she changed it because she didn't want to be named after a car). When the police find her nude body they immediately suspect foul play, and while we're wondering if this means that she had carnal relations with a chicken the film goes into a series of lengthy flashbacks.

In scene after arousing scene

we witness the intimate sexual encounters that gained Velva the reputation of being the proverbial good time had by all. "Hers was a life of unending pleasure, an unparalleled succession of satin sheets and soft, willing flesh throbbing at the touch of anticipated ecstacy..." goes the advertising blurb. Blimey! Why don't they just tell us she liked a good length now and then? I wouldn't dream of giving away the surprise ending, but I can tell you the murderer wasn't Colonel Mustard, in the study with the lead piping.

Next we come to **Sex Hungry Girls**, which tells of what happens when an escaped convict called Big Dick (for reasons that become apparent when he drops his prison fatigues) turns up at the home of two beautiful girls named Elaine and Juliet. He hasn't had a woman for two years and understandably gets pretty steamed up when he sees these two temptresses getting into a steamy lesbian love scene for his benefit.

Shortly thereafter he "runs amok in a paradise of naked flesh and desire". Well, that's what the cover says anyway. It seemed to me as though he just gave them both a good seeing-to. Does this put a spring in his step? No way. In the end he's so knackered by their constant demands that he thinks he'd prefer to be doing porridge. The moral of the story is clear: life is like a penis. When it's soft it's hard to beat, but when it's hard you get screwed.

One person who didn't get screwed in the scheme of things is Hugh Hefner, millionaire boss of the Playboy organisation. In **Playboy Video Magazine II** we see old moneybags wandering round the luxurious Playboy mansion and pausing to chuck Eddie Murphy out of one of his lavish parties. It's not that he doesn't like Eddie, mind you. This is actually an 'on set' scene in the recent *Beverly Hills Cop II*, a movie which Hef thought of sufficient intellectual merit to appeal to *Playboy* readers. Says it all, really.

Like other entries in the *Playboy* video magazine series, this one is shot in a slick pop video style, taking in such items as nude shots of Madonna, a sexy spoof of Max Headroom, a tribute to Marilyn Monroe, and a beautiful playmate centrefold named Ava. You can't argue with the professionalism behind it, but the trouble is it's just so very bloody AMERICAN! Smugly narrated, it's also so soulless and sanitised in its soft-focus depiction of fantasy world sex that you'll probably have a hard time getting a single wank out of it.

No such problem with the last of this month's releases (which by a million-to-one coincidence also just happens to be our competition on the left of this page). **The Lair Of The White Worm** is a Ken Russell classic which comes at you with the ferocity of a Hammer horror movie made by

And if you get the chance to watch this Ken Russell classic, it'll be your Y-front worm that'll be doing the turning! Watching *The Lair Of The White Worm* has been known to turn lesser mortals to gibbering wrecks, and as for what it did for Bryce Boy...

The thing is that it's full of nookie, in the shape of the luscious Amanda Donohoe, who plays the rampant nympho Lady Sylvia, a girl who loves sex so much that she'll have it with whatever comes to hand. And not only that, but she turns into a reptile every time she has an orgasm. What a snake in the grass!

Basically the plot revolves around Lady Sylv getting her togs off at every possible opportunity, not to mention getting her bondage gear on, and shagging bandy everyone who crosses her path. Catherine Oxenberg gets in on the action too - but as we don't want to tell you the plot we won't reveal what *she* gets up to. It'll give you more than a few knuckle shuffles though...

To win a copy of this two hours of total debauchery, just study the picture here. We knew this was a blue movie, but it seems that someone got out of bed the wrong side this morning. Just send us the usual crap caption, and you could be lucky enough to have Ms Donohoe in your Christmas stocking (as long as she's wearing hers!).

Send your entries to: Y-front Worm Comp, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. The crappiest ones get the Christmas prize, so get your entries in quick, 'cos the early birds catch it! ♣

a coke fiend. The setting is Home Counties England in the early part of this century. A Scottish archaeologist digs up a giant worm skull, which is promptly stolen by the aristocratic Lady Sylvia Marsh (Amanda Donohoe) as the central icon for some bizarre virgin sacrifices in the cellar of her old manor house.

It turns out that the sultry Sylvia has something of a personal problem - apart from being a nymphomaniac she turns into a snake when sexually aroused! "Do you have any children?" somebody asks her at one point, and she replies, "Only when there aren't any men around." In fact the dialogue is an absolute hoot, and cunning Ken's attempts to take our minds off it with a succession of shocking images - bondage scenes, naked nuns impaled on poles, etc - are only partially successful.

But the best thing about the film is Donohoe herself, whether picking up innocent boy scouts while clad in chic black thigh-length leather boots or slinking round her mansion doing a belly dance to snake-charming music, she is utterly fang-tastic. And Catherine Oxenberg's not bad either, especially in the scene where she touchingly bewails the fate of her spotted dick. I can honestly say I felt for her...♣

Good Girl, Bad Girl *and* ***Randy Desert Lovers*** *are available from Video Telesales Ltd, Unit E3, Kemp Road, Dagenham, Essex RM8 1SL.* ***Sex Hungry Girls*** *is available from Network Distribution, 64 St Mary's Road, Market Harborough, Leicestershire.* ***Playboy Video Magazine II*** *is available from Screen Entertainment.* ***Lair Of The White Worm*** *is available from Vestron Video, 6/10 Bruton Street, London W1*

Look, when you said you wanted a cockatoo for your birthday...!

TOP TITS

Yes, it's breast fest time again for all you boob fans! Piles of presents in store for all of us mam-handlers; the new Tina Turn-on LP, Julie Andrews on the telly again, and a new addition to my tit mug collection. Plenty of Bristol Cream, stuffed turkey breast and mountains of jug-shaped jelly trembling on the table.

And guests; a dozen of your bosom pals playing Hunt the Nipple in a dark room; the sound of that unwelcome ligger Gary Garbonza in the guise of the Ghost of Christmas Present, dragging his chains in the direction of the bedroom to get a peep at my latest getting screwed.

But ladies, a word of caution in your ear before you let them all hang out: don't let your D-cup overfloweth, 'cause they're big on the Random Breast Test at this time of year.

And in case you're wondering what I give my lady friends for Christmas, it's priceless pearl necklaces all round! All the breast. - *Georgie B* ♣

IN·THE·BAG

Continued from page 17

she stripped, leaving only her white top on, and got on all fours on top of me.

"I can see you're a real tit-lover," she whispered, and leaned forward towards my face. "You like my cleavage, don't you? Aren't you going to touch it and fondle my tits? I love that." I felt her through her top before lifting her boobs out and gasping at the sight of her hardened, pink nipples.

"Lick my nipples. It gets me really wet and horny," Alison went on. After playing with her boobs for a while, I took her top off and let her tits hang free above my face. Their shape was exquisite, as was their softness and warmth. She held her tits over my face, letting me suck first one nipple and then the other, occasionally squashing her titty-flesh against my face.

Time seemed to stop as I got lost in Alison's tit-treatment. Then she started talking again: "Do my titties make you big and hard? Let's have a feel. Oh yes, you're nice and stiff, aren't you? My tits are nice and soft, aren't they - and you're so hard. Can I play with your cock while you love and fondle my tits?"

She reached down and held my swollen cock ever so lightly in her fingers, rubbing with her fingertips and scarcely touching my skin. It made me ache even more. "Shall I make you come while your face is between my titties? Would you like that? You can come for me if you want. I like it."

"I thought you'd want to fuck," I managed to croak, but Alison replied, "We can do that later. You *would* like to come like this, wouldn't you?" All the time she was teasing my prick agonisingly with her fingertips and nails. My glans felt as if it was bursting under her feathery strokes, and it was all I could do to stop myself grabbing my dick and gripping it hard, which would surely have made me ejaculate instantly. Instead Alison kept me wickedly on the boil, while she continued to brush her tits against my face and I licked and sucked, and squeezed and got carried away by the feel and scent of her beautiful bosom.

"Does it still feel nice?" Alison asked. "My tits are getting hot, and so is my pussy. Do you think they'll make you do a load of spunk? I like a man who does a lot of come for me. Your balls feel nice and

Continued on page 40

"My very best bits!"

ASK ANDREA

YOU NAME IT, MS CLARKE WILL DO IT!

You know, I was rereading a lot of my fan mail the other day, and the thought came to me - I've been the regular girl here at Club for around two years now! Think of that: two years of me fulfilling all your wildest fantasies, posing the way you want me to, showing you exactly what I'm made of. I hope you've enjoyed it as much as I have these past couple of years - it's certainly made me feel horny, thinking of ways to make you feel horny!

Then I had a letter from Simon of Droitwich that really gave me a great idea for a Christmas present for all my fans who've given me such a great time while I've been here at Club. This is what he wrote:

"I've written in for several requests for you to do, Andrea, but as yet I haven't been lucky. I suppose you must have thousands of requests, but with Christmas coming up soon I really hope you can organise this one for me. It'd be my best Christmas present ever.

"What I really want to see is a compilation special, showing all of your finest moments, so that I can wank over them, and fantasize about you all over again. My personal favourite was the nurse, back in Vol 18 No 1 of this year, but I know that other guys out there must have their special favourites too. Why not keep all of us happy, Andrea?"

So I thought, why not? And I've picked some of my favourite moments from my appearances in Club for you to enjoy (I hope!) all over again. Looking at my old photos certainly got me feeling more than a little randy, so I hope it will for all of you out there too. Just let me know! ♣

I loved slipping around in my favourite black satin lingerie - bet you couldn't wait to get me between the sheets either!

When it comes to bedtime I like to be undressed for the occasion - so you guys can undress me, of course!

Wearing my rubber gear just made me feel really horny. Need I say more?

In my white lace outfit I felt like a real bride - I hope some of you guys would take me!

Parading around in my traffic warden's outfit certainly got the uniform approval of all my readers

Everyone agreed that as Nurse Andrea I was just what the doctor ordered

When I go out on the town, I dress to thrill, and paint the town red (not to mention blue)...

I loved posing for you on the beach, 'cos it meant that I could expose my titties to the sun!

When I dressed as a teacher, you all went wild over my gown and hat – I think I graduated with Honours!

VOTE, VOTE, VOTE!

CLUB GIRL OF YEAR 1990

As if you didn't know, it's Christmas. And what we at Club say is... bollocks to that! We're more interested in what'll happen in our Girl of the Year poll, and it's most definitely the season for that again. This'll give you a bit of goodwill to all men, for certain. (*All women, shurely? - Ed.*)

This year we've really been spoiled for choice with the most luscious girls you could ever hope to wet dream about. Last week we asked the Ed to choose his favourite one, the girl most likely to (give him a raging great stonker), and he's still drooling under the desk - and we won't even mention the suspenders.

But who's tickled your fancy this year? Which one of our bevy of bare beauties has really made your brisket frisky? Well, this is your chance to let us know. We're showing you the winners of our office straw poll here, but you can choose any girl who appeared during 1989 - that's any of the issues in Volume 18. Send in your vote for our Girl of the Year today, and the filly with the most fans will have her own showcase photoset appearing in our New Year issue!

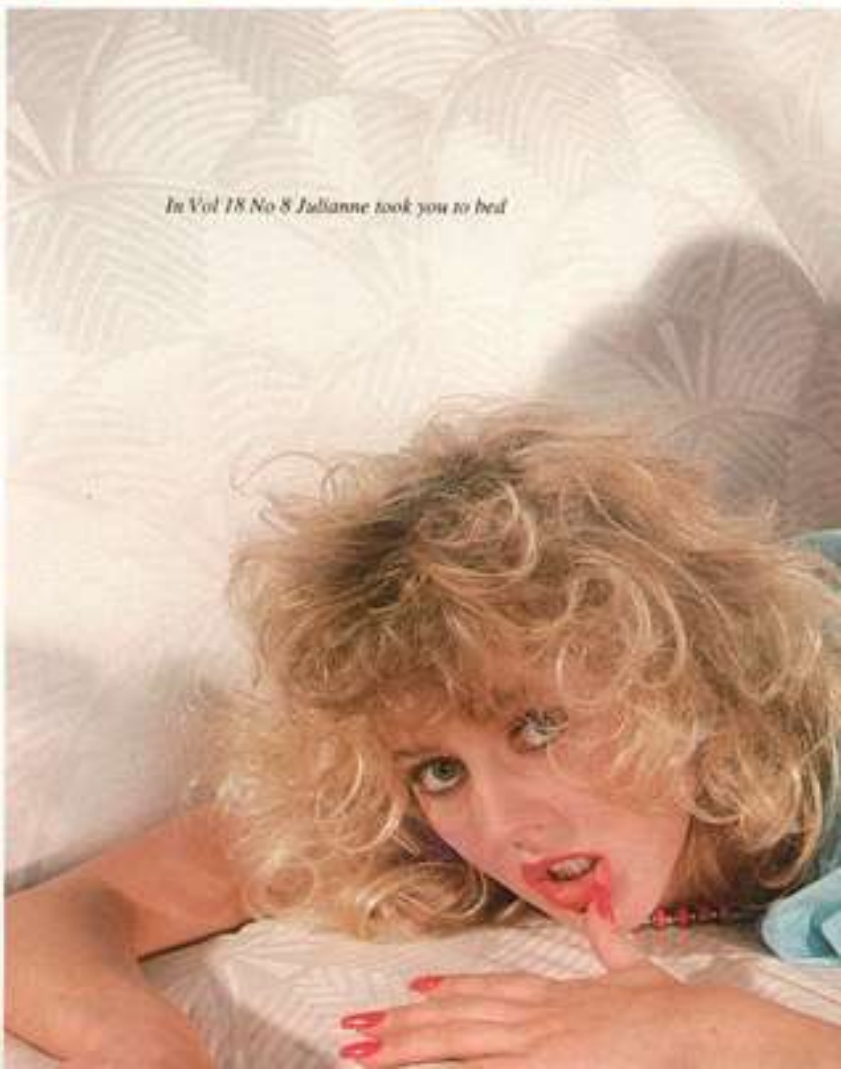
Last year the winner by a nose was Julia Parton, who just slipped in before regular favourite Andrea Clarke. Julia went on to have three classy modelling sessions for Club during her reigning year: we'd only planned on the one, but she was so popular we just had to have her back again and again! We're all hoping that this year's winner will be just as willie-crunchingly horny - but that's up to you. So get voting! ♣

Last year's poll winner Julia Parton - but who'll be next?

Fiona - our classiest bird between the sheets

It doesn't matter whether you send in your *Girl of the Year* vote on a postcard, letter or a used fiver. Just give us her name and the Volume and Number in which she appeared. Then post your vote to: Girl Of The Year, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. It's your votes that count!

Clara - our scarlet woman likes things to be dirty



In Vol 18 No 8 Julianne took you to bed

Stacey's sandy frolics - saucy but nice

Lucia was the President's girl in Vol 18 No 1

Sultry Jaqueline stirred us up back in Vol 18 No 9

Melanie's lacy lingerie had our blood pounding

Photographs by Scott Evans

S A D I E

"When I go to bed with a guy," whispers Sadie, "I like to see everything I'm getting. So I make sure that I pick a guy who's wearing clothes that really show me what's on offer.

"That means a nice, tight pair of jeans, showing a lovely firm little bum. I love men's bums! In fact, I often wander round my local shopping centre eyeing them up: that makes me feel so horny. And as for what's under the jeans, well, that's

when things get interesting.

"I love to see guys wearing tight black briefs, ones that really mould to their crotches like a second skin, showing those balls just lying there, and that lovely bulge that tells me I'm going to have a good night! So if there are any of you out there who love doing a slow striptease for a girl, I'm ready and waiting!" ♣

IN·THE·BAG

APOLOGY

We interrupt your enjoyment of this throbbing issue of Club to apologise for the appalling sense of humour and juvenile behaviour of Mr Allan Bryce, author not only of our video column, *Taped*, but also of this month's abysmally non hilarious *Position Of The Month*.

Allan was an only child but found pleasure in his own company from an early age. In his seventh year Allan, or Brycey Boy as he came to be known, left his mother's breast and was left to suckle the rewind button on a Panasonic video recorder.

Brycey Boy never knew his father but, due to his great manual dexterity and habit of talking to rubbish hims, soon came to suspect talented TV comic Ted '3-2-1' Rogers of being Daddy. Sadly, his mother was keeping mum.

When puberty scrawled its spotty surprise across his face, Brycey Boy fell in love with his first dodgy video, unsuspectingly sealing his seedy fate. Within a year Brycey was certified blind, but his devotion to fuck flicks led him to develop a revolutionary system of assessing a film's smut score by its MGPM rate (moans and groans per minute).

The rest, as they say, is a pile of crap, but we hope we have convinced any would-be murderers to put down that heavy lead bar and give this poor, misguided man a break - preferably his neck. ♣

Norris - I w

Continued from page 23

heavy. I love spunk when it comes out." Her touches were incredible. It was like an orgasm lasting for ten minutes. In the end it was unbearable.

"Come on, titty-boy," she said. "Aren't you going to come for me after having my tits for so long? Let's have it!" She pressed her tits right into my face, one squashed against each cheek, but still she only fingered my dick. That was enough to send my come gushing out in frantic spurts, again and again.

"Ooh, that's it," moaned Alison. "All that wanking has made it nice and thick and lots of it too." Only then did she grip my sticky cock firmly in her hand, bringing on the final spasms and extracting a few more gobs of come from my prick.

"My pussy's wet by now," said Alison, "and it needs that cock hard again." She got off me - it was awful having her remove her tits from in front of my face. I noticed then that her belly was streaked with my spunk, and Alison disappeared to the bathroom for a minute to clean up. "You lie there," she ordered.

When she came back, she started pulling her white top on again and I thought she was going to leave. "Aren't we going to fuck?" I asked. "Of course," she replied, "but first we need you hard again, don't we?" She then mounted me

GOBBLE!

Gross gourmet ***Nathaniel Fatbastard*** *was looking forward to a good old gobble this Christmas. The closest he got was the giblets in the hospital Christmas dinner. Sad, ain't it?*

Ho, ho, fucking ho! Christmas - a time for good cheer and a chance for the whole family to get together and enjoy traditional fayre such as turkey, chestnuts, plum pudding and peppermint-flavoured Matchmakers. An occasion for dancing and merriment. A feast of joy and reverie.

Not if you're stuck in the Archbishop Tutu ward of Lower Catford General Hospital, it bloody isn't.

You may be wondering what I'm doing in this NHS glue factory - well, so am I. I've been paying money into STUPA, the private health plan for the 'regular alcohol imbiber' for 20 years, and now when I need it, they say I don't qualify. Apparently private health care is purely for simple shit like curing in-growing toenails or varicose veins, and 'executive stress related problems' such as removing a cellphone that's been rammed up your arsehole by irate train commuters. Tripping over some homeless bastard on the scrounge, and landing on your liquid take-away, breaking your ankle, peppering your gonads with broken glass and wedging a miniature of Gordon's gin (£2.50) halfway up your rectum is apparently not glamorous enough for them. So here I am, next to a man suffering the lethal combination of bronchitis and incontinence.

However, it has given me a chance to cast my expert tongue over what the NHS provides, and I don't just mean the pert protuberances poking through the pen pockets of Nurse Ho Lee Fook's uniform (now there's a Chinkie I'd like to take away). No, I mean National Health Christmas cuisine.

The festivities started early on Christmas Morn when the breakfast porridge had three baubels painted silver on top. I was somewhat suspicious, knowing Mr Damp in bed 10 had only recently had his kidney stones removed. So I plumped instead for the big fry-up - recently cut back to a sausage apiece and a communal fried egg to dip it in.

However, despite frugal facilities, the staff did their best to make us feel festive. The nurses were all bedecked with tinsel, and the hospital apparatus had been cheered up - even the bedpans and enema equipment had been decorated with holly. Some of the senior staff dressed up as well. Dr Makim Singh the proctologist (or Barney of the Rump Hole, as he's known) was dressed as the fairy from the tree, and Father Christmas was played by Sister Grabham, as she was the only member of staff with any white facial hair.

After breakfast, and Noel Edmonds on TV (I was told it was therapeutic, especially for the chronically constipated), it was soon time for Christmas lunch. It was brought round by a 93-year-old volunteer with mistletoe in her hat. She insisted on being kissed despite not having her teeth in, and the resulting suction caused a recent adenoid patient's nose to cave in. The festive fayre opened with Brown Windsor Soup smelling of something brown you'd find on your shoe in Windsor, followed by turkey with all the trimmings. Well, actually, it was all the trimmings from a turkey - giblets, neck, claws and beak, made into a 'nourishing' stew. Next came plum pudding which, as my refined taste buds were able to spot, contained real plums - though whose I'm not sure. It was accompanied by a layer of custard complete with a skin hand-knitted by the local League of Friends.

In the afternoon, the choir from the St Chad's Church of Our Souls insisted we all joined in singing traditional carols. Unfortunately, the second verse of *Silent Night* sparked off one of my neighbour's coughing fits, closely followed by a terrible attack of his twin complaint. No less than 24 surplices had to be rushed to the laundry. Worse still, Pallid Jones, their boy treble, slipped

go for a piss!

again, and the sight of her bobbing tits and cleavage in the tight top soon sent the blood flowing back into my cock. As soon as I was hard, Alison opened her fanny-lips and guided my cock into her soaking fleshy hole. She moved sensuously on me and her eyes were almost rolling in her head as she climaxed very quickly.

"God, I was so hot and ready for that!" she gasped. "Now for some more!" While she rode me I could enjoy her fabulous tits once more, this time rocketing my come deep inside her cunt-hole. We've since enjoyed countless nights like this, and most of all I love Alison's tits in my face and her dirty wank-talk. It's even better than when she wanks me in her cleavage, and that's something unforgettable, I can tell you.

So let's have lots more dangling tit shots in Club - nice big pictures taken from right underneath! - *Peter, Lancs* ♣

on the mess, causing his balls to drop three weeks early, and blowing the chance of a lucrative recording contract.

Next came visiting time, and the Editor of Club turned up at my bedside laden down with whisky, cognac, chocolates and a box of Mr Crippling's Exceedingly Small Mince Pies (£1.99 for six). It turned out that he was taking the lot to a party, and had to dash off. Then Dominant Dowse arrived in her red PVC Santa Claus outfit and wrote something so rude on my plaster that Sister Grabham dropped her tray of suppositories when she saw it. Nurse Ho Lee Fook read it too and giggled, then went from yellow to red quicker than the lights on the South Circular.

The evening ended with the camaraderie that can only come from kindred spirits in adversity. The whole ward sang and told dirty jokes whilst, ignored in a corner, in *Merry Terry And June* (BBC 1 9.30), Terry got some hideous socks from his boss with hilarious consequences. Then Sister Grabham, tipsy on *Ye Olde Dickensian Englande* liqueur chocolates (£3. 99), recounted a story too disgusting to retell even in Club. It was so funny that my neighbour let loose another Yuletide log, Mr Damp's kidneys exploded and my resurrected Christmas pudding splattered my plaster like a shit-stained welly. But everyone was happy, especially as we discovered that Nurse Ho Lee Fook was on bed baths next day... ♣

PLUG!

Here at Club we like getting something for nothing. So every month we're going to give a Plug! to whatever takes our fancy and get lots of freebies into the bargain!

Christmas means a lot of things to a lot of people, but to Club readers in particular it's a time to get all your friends and family round to drink the house dry and make Mary (I think that's right, anyway!). But if Mary doesn't want her party to go off with a bang, there's still the drink to fall back (or over) on.

And what better booze to fall back, or over, on than a good guzzle of Dry Blackthorn Cider. Your seasonal sesh will certainly

be made all the better by the range of very generous extra gobfuls in every brimming bottle and can!

Christmas is a time for giving, taking and sharing. So, if your friends are anything like the animals at Club, they'll give you shit, take the piss, then gladly share your cider with you!

If you've got something you think we'll go a bundle on, (preferably the type that flows nicely down our throats) send us a load of them for nothing and we'll give it a Plug! ♣

IN ARREARS

What's got two handfuls of firm, smooth flesh?

What's got two beautiful half moons and a black hole where the sun don't shine?

What would you rather lick: a taut, nubile one of these or a rusty Brillo Pad that your mum cleaned out the oven with?

What part of a woman's body *won't* stop you getting run over by an 18 ton juggernaut, but gives you a stonking great stiffy every time you look at it?

What rhymes with rum, tum and sum but has nothing to do with the sticky white stuff that shoots from the end of your cock when you beat your bishop? *(It's got a lot to do with mine - Ed.)*

What's about the same size as a size five regulation split caser, but you don't get penalised for handling it, even if you are outside her box?

The answer is simple; the three little letters that make your pecker go up, your hand come down and the world go round: BUM! - *Billy Buttock* ♣

tamara

Photographs by Scott Evans

Tamara Boyd is one of the classiest girls we've ever had the privilege of featuring in the Club centrefold. She's six feet tall in her stilettos, and for the past two years the 20-year-old from Kendal has been one of the highest paid fashion models in Europe. So why has she decided to strip for Club for nothing?

"To be honest, I have to admit that the thought of thousands of men getting horny at the sight of my body with no clothes hiding all my secret

places really turns me on. Often when I'm on the catwalk I imagine that I'm walking down there naked, with everyone in the audience looking at me and bringing themselves off, men and women. So I thrust out my boobs and hips and wiggle my arse just that bit more provocatively. God, it just turns me on so much!

"So when the offer came through for me to bare all, I didn't think twice. This isn't the first time I've done it, but this was the best."

How does it compare to the glamorous fashion world then?

"Oh, much better. For me, this is doing what comes naturally!" ♠

club
tamara

THE BASTARD'S GUIDE TO XMAS

Roving reporter **Reggie Snatchgobbler** *has a special festive message for all of you out there - get stuffed!*

As parents always say, "We only celebrate Christmas for the sake of the kids" (though what the case of Scotch on the sideboard and the 50 litres of Chateau Pantes in the cupboard under the stairs have to do with the nippers is anybody's guess). Well, being a bachelor playboy I don't get much of a chance to celebrate a traditional family Christmas and I reckon that makes me a lucky man, because a few years ago I had the misfortune to do just that.

In 1987 I was invited down to the sleepy Cotswold village of Humping-cum-Wedlock to join Sir Walter and Lady Hemeroyde-Creme and their family and guests for the Festive Season. Purely in the interests of research I accepted. What follows is an account of the grisly occurences that constituted Yuletide at Lude Manor. Let my experiences be a warning to you all.

Christmas Eve

I arrived at Much Humping station and was met by the Hemeroyde-Creme's faithful old butler Shambles. After jamming my hold-all into the rear of the Rolls Royce Silver Nympho, we set off down the winding Gloucestershire lanes. On the journey I asked Shambles about the other guests and he filled me in. When I regained consciousness we had arrived at the Hemeroyde-Creme's ancestoral home, Lude Manor.

Happily Sir Walter reacted less violently to my enquiry. My fellow guests on this occasion were: American condom magnate Hiram B. Wackenbush; Scottish nobleman Lord Hamish McUng, the High Donker of Mukk; French aristocrat, the recently widowed Comtesse de Rumpeau; and flamboyant Italian fashion designer Juste-Juan Cornetto. And, of course, there were the Hemeroyde-Cremes themselves, Sir Walter, Lady Gossamer and their two children, Spottesmould (12) and Lavinia (17).

Before the other guests arrived I explored Lude Manor, and it was in a particularly musty back passage that I found the room of a retired servant, Old Nanny Gusset. Over 90 years of age, this sprightly lady had been born and raised in London's East End. She was only too pleased to tell me about the Christmases of her childhood.

Six Things You'll Get This Christmas
Brut 69
An Agatha Christie Mystery with an all-star cast
Three hankies in a cellophane box
Bernard Matthews
The Best of Morecambe and Wise (repeat)
Wind

Old Nanny Gusset's Cockney Christmas

"There was a real community spirit down Shagwell in them days. There was bound to be with 148 families sharing one outside khazi. One thing was for certain - you never got a cold seat. The backdoors of the houses was always open. We were in and out all day long borrowing a cup of sugar, or a spoonful of rice, or a sawn-off shotgun to see off the rentman. And the menfolk'd always be popping their heads round the door to see if they could catch Ma bent over the stove. Pa never minded. It was share and share alike in Shagwell.

"Christmas was a special time. We was poor and presents was simple. My brothers, Ronnie and Reg, would give us a handful of nuts, or kneecaps, or a severed head. Pa was a docker. He always got a good Christmas box off of the Port Authority. One year they give him 38,000 cartons of cigarettes. They were very generous. Pity the judge wasn't so charitable. He give Pa a ten stretch.

"On Christmas lunchtime the street would be in uproar. We'd be in and out of each other's houses borrowing a cup of turkey, or a spoonful of Christmas pudding, or a chainsaw to chop up the fir tree Pa had brought back from Trafalgar Square as firewood. After dinner we'd all go down our local, the Copper Basher, for a good old knees up. If you wanted to have a good time in them days you had to get your knees in the air. Gor blimey."

The Night Before Christmas

After my chat with Nanny Gusset I returned to the drawing room. Lord McUng had just arrived. "Are you well, McUng?" Lady Hemeroyde-Creme asked.

"That is a personal question, madam," the Scot replied, "but in deference to your title I shall inform you that I do indeed have rather large genitals, which, I might add, I allow to swing wild and free beneath my kilt in the traditional manner practised by my Highland forefathers." Which doubtless explained why the Comtesse de Rumpeau was lying on her

Six Phrases You'll Say Or Hear This Christmas
How much?????
This'll be my last Christmas on this earth
Fixitdadfixitdadfixit
And now on BBC1, The Great Escape
The batteries have run out
But I told you I wanted a blue one

Six Things You'll Be Sick Of By January 1st

Slade records
Chocolate
Turkey
Bing Crosby
Television
Tia Maria

back, panting.

During dinner Mr Wackenbush told how he had made a fortune selling thermal condoms to the Eskimos using the advertising slogan, "If it's cold out, then get one on". This reminded Spottesmould of a story he had been told at prep school: "There were two bulls in a field. One said to the other, "I'm a bit chilly, think I'll go and slip into a jersey."

"Now where on earth would a bull get a jumper from?" Sir Walter bellowed. "Fellow who told you that obviously knew nothing about dairy farming."

After dinner Lady Gossamer sang a medley of Peters and Lee hits whilst accompanying herself on the piano. Then Lavinia recited a poem she had written in praise of the Christmas tree: "Oh fine fir tree from Norway," (it began), "So tall, erect and big. Your needles sharp and numerous, One hundred pricks on every sprig."

I was unable to hear the rest of this charming ode as I was drawn aside by the Comtesse de Rumpeau. She was clutching a drink in her hand.

"See," she whispered, indicating the drink, "zis reminds me of you and me. Zer warm, wet Felatieau is I. Ze big hunk of ize is you." She swirled the glass around under my nose. "See," she groaned, "how ze Felatieau and ze ize rub, bounce, joggle and pound togezzer." Fortunately at that moment Shambles came past with the drinks trolley and I was able to give the steamy French widow a good hosing down with a soda siphon.

Despite the fact that Lady Gossamer was once again playing with Sir Walter on the piano, I decided to go to bed. I went up to my room and was surprised to find Trembla the Swedish maid fumbling with my bedclothes. "Excuse me, sir," she said. "I've just come in to turn you down." I told her that if that was her attitude she needn't have bothered coming into my bedroom at all. Luckily we soon cleared up our little misunderstanding.

Christmas Morning

I was woken at 2am by the sound of gunfire followed by the excited cries of Spottesmould Hemeroyde-Creme who, it appeared, had used the AK47 Sir Walter had given him for Christmas to bag a brace of reindeer. "Pater, Pater," I could hear him shouting. "One of the buggers has got a bright red nose that glows in the dark."

Woken again at 5am by Lavinia Hemeroyde-Creme playing upon the Mighty Wurlitzer Father Christmas had brought her. So delighted was she with the gift that she had composed a song about it: "Oh dear, dear Santa" (I heard her sing), "Please tell me do, How you got your big organ to fit down my flue."

Woken once again at 6am by Spottesmould's screaming and crying. He had already broken all the toys Santa had brought him and was disappointed that the bear trap he had set by the door had failed to snap shut on any carol singers.

Disturbed yet again at 7am, this time by the unmistakeable voice of the Comtesse de Rumpeau. "Do you know why it is zat French womens are compared to Christmas?" she murmured. "Because," I snapped, "they only come but once a year and when they do they wake the whole bloody house up." Then I slapped her round the head with my hot water bottle, and deposited her, unconscious, in the corridor.

Six Things You'll Live To Regret This Christmas

Eating a whole box of liqueur chocolates at one sitting
Saying, "If you feel like it, drop in for a drink," to all your neighbours
Giving your boss a gift-wrapped tube of toupee fixative as a Christmas present
Agreeing to play Trivial Pursuit
Saying, "I don't mind" when Aunty Gertie asks if she can watch The Sound Of Music
Phoning up your ex-girlfriends and saying, "Christmas is a time for starting afresh."

Christmas Day

A good meal was ruined by the overpowering reek of cheap aftershave that hung over the table like mist over Dracula's coffin. Added to this, all the male guests were wearing jumpers of such revolting design that it appeared as if someone had eaten a kaleidoscope and then thrown up down the front of them.

Lunch was further marred by the arrival of assorted ageing relatives of the Hemeroyde-Cremes. Once they'd guzzled a few schooners of sweet sherry the old dodderers became quite lively. I found myself dragged under the mistletoe and given a severe scuffing by one old lady with a moustache like a suede-brush. During the meal the veterans became increasingly sentimental and maudlin. Uncle Pile's list of absent friends was only stopped by the lighting of the Christmas pudding.

It transpired that Spottesmould had filled his father's brandy bottle with a mixture of petrol and fertilizer. In the resulting explosion Uncle Pile was knocked out cold by a low-flying threepenny bit. Luckily the Comtesse de Rumpeau was trained in first aid and revived him with the kiss of life and a heart massage (though it seemed to me that her belief that Uncle Pile's heart was located somewhere in the region of his right trouser pocket was a little misguided).

After lunch we played charades. Mr Wackenbush and the Comtesse de Rumpeau won with their mime of *Last Tango In Paris*. Personally I thought they should have been disqualified for using real butter. Humping-cum-Wedlock and the surrounding area was severely damaged during Spottesmould's performance of *Apocalypse Now*.

The whole party then slumped in front of the TV, and for a while all that could be heard was the sounds of snoring, burping and Uncle Pile's blow-by-blow commentary on *The Magnificent Seven*.

After supper we were treated to a repeat of Lavinia's *Ode in Praise of the Christmas Tree*. "Oh fine fir tree from Norway," (it continued), "How low your branch it falls, beneath the weight of tinsel, and the"- I'm sure you can fill in the rest.

Lord McUng then announced his intention of playing a traditional Scottish song, *The Mule of Crossplystyre*. "Tis about a wee young donkey and his doomed love affair with a rubber inflatable called Linda." At the mention of bagpipes I decided to turn in for the night.

Postscript

The following day I was struck down by a severe case of Edwina's Revenge, and was forced to spend the next 48 hours locked in the lavatory. And that is exactly where I intend to spend every Christmas from now on. There may not be much to do in there, but it's better than the Perry Como Show. ♠

Photographs by John Graham

kerry

As if you couldn't guess, Kerry's favourite time of day is bedtime. In fact, the randy girl can never wait to hit the sack.

"I just love going to bed - but I never go to bed alone," admits our naughty 19-year-old. "I just hate sleeping in a cold bed all by myself, so I always make sure that I have a bedmate with me. I've always got at least three boyfriends on the

go, so I can guarantee that I'm never lonely.

"These silk pyjamas are my favourites - I always feel really sexy in them, and just want to make love all night. And I frequently do!

"I love my guy to gently push my pyjama top off my shoulders, kissing all the way down me as he takes them off me. And when he takes the bottoms off, well, you can guess what happens then..." ♣

TA BLUE KIN'

This is the section where you talk to us- and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

HOME HELP

When my fiancé went to work in the Middle East, I decided it was perhaps my last chance to see a bit of the world, and so I got a job for six months as an au pair in the States. I really liked the house I was working in, and the job was easy. It was pretty obvious, though, that the husband and wife didn't really get on. She was a career woman and hardly ever at home, leaving early every morning and getting home late. The husband, Tom, was a quiet bloke, very polite, and I know he would never have tried anything on.

Neither would I, for that matter, if I hadn't noticed how much Tom liked looking at me, and how he could scarcely hide his erections if I was dressed at all sexily. And although I was determined to remain faithful to my fiancé, and we had a fantastic sex life when we were together, I was stimulated by the effect that I was having on Tom.

One day, after I'd come in from the pool wearing my bikini, Tom, after talking to me, disappeared to his room looking rather flushed. Curious, I followed him. Peeping through the keyhole, I was just in time to see enough to know that he was wanking himself off.

After that I just couldn't help taking advantage, and lost no opportunity to flaunt myself in front of Tom. I'd deliberately come out of the bathroom half draped in a towel when I knew he was there, letting him get a good view of my 37 inch boobs. Gradually I got more and more daring. I took to calling him into my bedroom in the mornings after his wife had gone to work, to "help" me with something or other. I was always scantily dressed, usually in my negligée or a sexy nightie, or in just my bra and panties. He always did whatever favour I asked, but I knew he was getting a good eyeful, and could see the stiffness of his prick in his trousers. I also knew that after he left me, he'd be off to his bedroom to wank himself off, and I usually ended up wanking too.

After this had gone on for some time, I finally said to him, "You enjoy looking at me, don't you? Do you think about my body when you're masturbating in your room? Is it my tits you think about, or maybe my legs?" I didn't really expect an answer, so I carried on. "Would you like a better look?" I continued, and taking my dressing gown off, I stood in front of him in a tiny baby doll nightie made of pink chiffon.

I knew that he could see my tits clearly and, turning round, I bent over to give him a long look at my bottom, my pink lacy panties pulled tight between my cheeks. "Nice, isn't it?" I said, and turning round, I took off my briefs and fingered my cunt lips.

Tom was just standing there, staring, and then I noticed a huge wet patch appear on the front of his trousers. "Oh, you dirty boy!" I said. "You've come in your trousers! Now go away and come back at the same time tomorrow morning," I ordered him.

I was ready for him when he came the next day. I'd put on a black silk camisole and French knickers, with black stockings and high heels. When Tom came in I was lying in bed, waiting for him.

"Help me get up, will you?" I told him, and as he pulled back the covers I heard him draw his breath with excitement. "Now get your clothes off!" I ordered him. "But don't you get any ideas - this is strictly watching and wanking!"

When he was nude, his cock stood there bobbing with arousal. It wasn't very big, but did have a a lovely large, bulbous, shining knob-end. "Now let's see what you've got for me," I purred.

As I waited I lay back on the bed and started caressing myself. I was getting very wet, rubbing my pussy through my silk knickers. Tom kept touching himself , but not too much as he would have come in a flash.

"Maybe you'd like to have these to wank with," I said, taking off my knickers and handing them to him. As he started stroking his prick with the black silk, I fingered myself to a wet climax, and watched him spunking into my knickers. I was amazed at the amount of stuff that came shooting out of his cock.

"Let me see," I gasped, and looked at the huge pool of spunk in my knickers, which gave me another mini-climax in my clitty. "Now go away, wash my knickers, and

tomorrow you're to come back in nothing but them!"

Sure enough, he did, and this time I just knelt in front of him and stroked him lightly through the silk. We both loved it. As he got harder and harder I played with my tits, licking my own nipples, and again he shot a terrific amount of spunk into my knickers. "Your cock makes loads of cream," I couldn't help saying. "It must be the sight of my body."

This went on for many weeks, happening almost every day. I even started getting Tom to dress and undress me. The first time I just asked him to take my bra off, and he spunked without me touching him. He never took any liberties though, and never touched me unless I told him to. Once, after I'd told him to undress me completely after I'd got in one evening, and we were both standing there naked, I asked him: "Wouldn't you like to hold my tits?" He couldn't believe his luck, and as he squeezed them gently, I reached down and wanked him lightly, making his spunk shoot up all over my belly.

Sometimes I made him wait a few days between our sessions, and then his spunk would just flood out. I liked him doing it over my black camisole best, and would wank myself off at the sight of the thick, sticky, white pool of come on my underwear. I also liked masturbating in front of him, splaying my legs wide to get my fingers in, and making him leave himself alone until I'd come a few times. Then I'd watch him getting his pleasure while staring at my lush body.

Finally it got near the time when I would be leaving. I still didn't really want to fuck him; I just enjoyed getting off at the thought of how I stimulated him and could make him come whenever I wanted. He had behaved himself though, so I asked him what he'd really like to do if he could choose. I fully expected him to say that he wanted to shag me; instead, though, he just wanted me to bring him off with my tits. I was rather touched!

So on my last night, I dressed in my black silk again and called Tom in. I started things off by wanking myself into an even hornier state, which made Tom's cock full to bursting. Then, lying on the bed, I asked him to kneel astride me and lifted up my camisole, squeezing my quivering tits together for his swollen knob. My nipples were standing up and quivering with excitement at the thought of what was to come.

His small cock was completely enveloped by my fleshy boobs, and as he thrust gently to and fro I could see the purple end just appearing in my cleavage. I pressed my flushed tits harder together as he started panting, and then

came into my cleavage. I couldn't see his knob as he came, but I felt the hot surge of come on my skin, and the spunk came bubbling up between my tits.

When I relaxed my hold on his cock, further jets of jism came out and shot right up to my neck. "Rub it in," I gasped to Tom, and we rubbed it in together. It certainly was a real load he shot for me on that last night.

I don't know how Tom's getting on without me now. I've got married since I came back and am enjoying a more normal way of getting satisfied - but I did leave Tom my black underwear, plus a few photos showing him what he'd enjoyed looking at so much. - *Rhiannon, Notts*

A FAMILY AFFAIR

I'm a new reader of your magazine, and a married woman of 23 at that, and having read it for the first time I must admit that I was pretty naive about the things that appeared in such publications. I came across the magazine in the wardrobe when I was putting some of my husband's shirts away, and by the time I had finished reading it, my quim was decidedly moist and pouting. It was then I thought that I would share my recent experience with your readers.

I have been married for about three months, and while Ron, my husband, is kind and very generous, he is by no means the greatest in bed. He is very well endowed when it comes to cock size, don't get me wrong, and when he penetrates my quim it feels lovely, but then he just cannot hold back his sperm until I get an orgasm. He usually finishes me off with his fingers, but it's hardly the same thing.

After Ron had gone to work the other day I was sitting in the kitchen, dressed in just my dressing gown. There was a knock at the door and I saw that it was my father-in-law Jim, a man of about 50. He was in the habit of calling in to see if there was anything I wanted from the shops, and also to get a cup of coffee. I've always had an idea that he rather fancied me; perhaps he's what you'd call a tit man, since he's always eyeing my 38 inch breasts pressing through my sweater, or as on that morning, my dressing gown.

"How's my favourite daughter-in-law?" he asked by way of a greeting, practically undressing me with his eyes. "How's your love life?"

"All right, I suppose," I replied, and stopped. For some reason I could feel my quim getting hot and moist. I suppose I was feeling frustrated, and perhaps I did fancy him a little. I took the plunge. "But when we're in bed, he - you know - gets there before I do."

"You mean he comes before you're ready for your orgasm?" he said with a laugh. "I think I might have trouble holding back too!" Under my gown I could feel my quim getting wetter and wetter and decided to make a bold move. Getting out of the chair, I let my gown fall open, revealing my naked body.

"God, you've got a beautiful body," he gasped, and the next moment he was fondling my full breasts, and his hand went down between my legs to my quim. As he stroked his fingers along my mound, I opened my legs and he was fingering my soaking wet quim lips in a flash.

"Not here," I managed to gasp, "upstairs." I flung myself on the unmade bed and lay back, panting with pent up desire. In no time Jim had got rid of his trousers and underpants, and his erect penis came into view, waving about erotically. The size of his knob made me gasp. It was huge, purple, and from it oozed the first of his sperm.

He quickly got on to the bed with me, and as his hand found my quim lips again, he put my hand on his hard, hot cock. "Do it for me, wank me while I finger your lovely cunt," he whispered. As he said that, his fingers found my erect clit . At that I just had to open my legs wider and bend my knees up, and I felt Jim get between my open thighs and guide his stiff penis into my eager, waiting quim.

"It's big, but you want it, don't you Jean?" he asked as he slid it right up my welcoming sheath. I just wrapped my legs around his waist, and as the tempo of his thrusts increased I could hear sexy squelches coming from my quim, and I knew that the orgasm I needed so desperately was fast approaching.

"That's it, Jean, fuck on my prick!" he panted. As he did I heard myself gasping, and then it happened. For the first time ever I shouted that I was coming as I arched my body up off the bed to take as much of that hard cock up me as I could. It was just indescribable. He was still working away steadily with his cock, and as I collapsed under him I realised he was still fully erect.

Then easing his cock out of my hole, he told me to get on to all fours, and the next moment he'd parted my quim lips with his knob and slipped his cock up me again. It filled my quim even more.

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"You want to come again, don't you?" he panted.

I moaned that I did. "Oh, please make me come again," I begged him, as my quim creamed up again in response to his thrusting cock.

Suddenly he was fucking me even harder, and I felt my orgasm rising in my body as he shouted, "I can't hold it, Jean, I'm coming!" His throbbing cock jerked violently, and as he shot his load with cries of delight, another orgasm swept over me as my quim juices mixed with his spurts of spunk.

As we lay there recovering, I told him that I'd never been fucked like that. I needed a cup of coffee, and we went downstairs to sit on the settee. It soon became apparent that we were both in the mood for more sex. I was soon getting worked up again

as he opened my gown and fondled my breasts, but I wasn't prepared for what he did next. He knelt on the floor, and before I realised it, he had opened my thighs and pressed his face to my bush.

I felt his mouth seeking and finding my quim lips, and the next moment he was sucking and kissing them greedily. This was my first experience of oral sex, although I'd often thought about it. As his mouth sucked and then tongued my slit, I just had to hold his head there, and when he found my clit with his tongue and I thought I would pass out with pleasure as he licked and sucked it. The most fantastic orgasm swept over me. When he finally came up for air I was still coming, so he pushed three fingers up me to finish me off properly.

Before I'd fully recovered, he pushed his trousers down, exposing his cock that was hard once again. "Do it for me now, Jean," he told me. "Suck my prick." I'd never done this for Ron, so I hesitated. "You've never sucked Ron off before, have you?" Jim asked me in amazement.

I had to reply that I hadn't, but I knew there was nothing to fear from Jim. I lowered my head and kissed his huge purple knob. "That's it, take it in your mouth," he begged, and I slipped my lips right over his cock. It was smooth and hot, and as I began to suck it he held my head down and began to thrust it in and out of my mouth.

"Oh yes," he panted. "Let me fuck your mouth - it's just like your cunt!" I couldn't believe it, but I loved him talking dirty to me like that - it really turned me on!

Suddenly, as I continued to suck hard, I felt the cock jerking in my mouth. Jim let go of my head and shouted, "Look out I'm coming!"

I suppose I should have released his pumping cock but I didn't want to. The next second his warm, sticky spurts of spunk were shooting into my still sucking mouth, and he pressed his cock further in. I had no option but to swallow all of the spunk that was gushing into my mouth, and I did just that as he moaned with delight. Then, giving his cock one last long suck, I released it and let it fall.

"Wow," I gasped. "I never knew what oral sex was like - to think Ron has never done anything like that for me."

"There are other things I bet he hasn't done either," said Jim, "but they'll have to wait for another day." I'm sitting here getting wet, wondering what he's got in mind. - *Jean, Gwent*

Holiday Blues

French kisses for Christmas

At this time of year I always try to get away from home for as long as possible. You can call me a Scrooge if you like, but there's nothing I hate more than a Christmas at home, with all my boyfriend's nosey, snooty relatives looking down their noses at me, and loads of their brats wandering about everywhere messing up the flat, and my parents always wanting to know when Paul and I are getting married (never). So I often just take myself off for a quiet solo holiday just to get away from it all.

That's what I did a couple of Christmases back, and I ended up getting myself involved in a real pickle. I'd been saving hard all year for my holiday and decided to take myself off to Tenerife for three whole weeks of bliss on my own. My boyfriend doesn't really mind me going off by myself because he trusts me to behave - and until 1987 that trust was justified.

I was staying in quite a posh self catering apartment, with the huge place all to myself and the prospect of three weeks without seeing anyone I didn't want to. I spent the first couple of days just lazing about on the beach doing nothing, topping up my tan and eating and drinking far too much. By the third day I was ready to explore the nearby town, a small place with about 2000 people living there, and about 10,000 tourists. I spent the morning wandering round the market and trying out the cafés, before stumbling into a boutique to try on some dresses as a Christmas present to myself.

I was the only customer in the tiny place so I got talking to the manageress, a young Frenchwoman of about 25. Catrine started telling me how she'd moved there from France to open the boutique when her marriage had broken up. We soon found ourselves chatting in the local café, having a good bitching session about men, and so on. It was all great fun.

At the same time I began to feel that Catrine was attracted to me. When we were talking she would touch my hand, and gradually her fingers would linger longer on mine. Over a bottle of wine she held my wrist and rubbed it, sending shivers right up my arm. I had to admit to myself that I was turned on by her attentions. Anyone would be: she was a lovely brunette with large but firm boobs, long legs and lovely golden brown skin. But I wasn't quite sure how to handle it, so I just sat back and enjoyed the attentions of her feet

brushing up against my calves. Several men in the cafe were looking over at us, because I'm not bad looking myself either, but Catrine made certain I knew that she only had eyes for me that night.

When she asked me back to her apartment for coffee I knew that we'd end up in bed. It was still just about light when we got there, and I could see that she'd got a fairly luxurious place, with its own garden and swimming pool at the back. We sat in the garden with our drinks, and I was just beginning to think that nothing was going to happen when Catrine leaned over and kissed me full on the lips.

Something in me just exploded at that. I suppose it was what I'd been waiting for all afternoon. I could feel my cunt getting wetter and hotter by the second, and Catrine ran her hands up my bare legs and found the wetness in my crotch.

"You want to fuck me," she whispered, as I wriggled against her fingers, which had pushed aside my pantie crotch and were rubbing along the edge of my slit, stirring my juices up even more. "I can feel that you want me."

I didn't know what to say, as this was a totally new experience for me. No woman had even kissed me before, let alone wanted to go to bed with me or anything like that. Or perhaps I'd just never looked properly. "Yes, I want you to lick my cunt," I told Catrine.

I couldn't believe I'd said that afterwards, but Catrine wasted no time kneeling down next to the chair I was sitting in, and pushing my skirt up around my waist. She gasped when she ran her hands over my sparse pubes, knowing that I was much more sensitive down there than usual. I was glad I'd shaved the previous day. Catrine's tongue ran lightly over my mound while her fingers pushed my love lips aside and buried themselves deep into my juicy cunt.

I lay back and let myself relax into the delicious sensation of her tongue teasing my clit. Her fingers were covered with my sticky juices as I felt her frigging me with them, and she started moaning, "I love wanking your cunt off. Your juices taste so good, Janie. Tell me what you want me to do to you, and I'll give you the best orgasms you've ever had."

"Put your tongue inside me. Put it right inside me so I can really feel it," I begged, holding my thighs apart so that Catrine's head was right at my cunt. I gripped her hair as I felt her tongue enter me, licking around the sides of my lips before plunging right in again. I couldn't help it; I let fly with my feelings then.

"You're making me come, Catrine! Oh, your tongue feels so wonderful in my cunt. I love to feel you licking my cunt!" It felt so good, so right to be being brought off by a woman. I didn't even think of my boyfriend back home, or what might happen if he found out. All I could think of was what was happening on that patio.

Catrine stopped eating my cunt then, because I'd come my juices all over her face, smudging her lipstick. She looked wonderful though, her boobs jutting out from her thin top, her hands still massaging my erect clitty and soaking cunt.

"I want to do the same for you," I told her, reaching down to massage one of her nipples. She closed her eyes and nestled her boob right into the palm of my hand, so that I could feel how hot and hard it was. I knew I had to fuck her then.

"Do you want to do it here?" I asked, reaching down to pull off my skirt, panties and top. "What if one of the neighbours sees us?" I managed to get out of my clothes and just sat there, wondering what Catrine would say.

"I don't care who sees me fucking you," Catrine murmured, standing up in front of me so that I could smell her juices leaking from her cunt. "I'm going to do it to you anyway!"

That was just what I wanted to hear, and I decided to make a bit of the running now. After all, Catrine had been the one making all the moves so far. So I knelt between her open legs and unbuttoned her dress slowly, teasing her with little light kisses all over her belly and mound as I pulled it down and off her shoulders, over her slim waist and hips. She wasn't wearing a bra, just tiny white panties which were transparent with moist cunt juice, and stuck revealingly to every fold.

As Catrine stood there looking down at me, I grabbed the edge of her

panties with my teeth, inhaling her musk as I slowly drew them down, gently biting her as I went further down her thighs. The moaning noises she was making were getting louder as I kissed all the way up the back of her legs again, reaching her hairy triangle all too soon. Her cunt was soaking wet, and I didn't have to be told what to do. In a moment I'd found her hard, throbbing clit and was nuzzling and licking it. She squirmed against my face, covering me with thick come juice. I couldn't get enough of it.

I started tonguing her vigorously, tasting another woman's juices for the first time ever. It was heavenly - and I wondered if I tasted this good! Catrine was really moaning now, in French, so I didn't understand what she was saying, but I could take a guess. I could feel her coming when she clamped her pussy muscles hard round my tongue and lips, and I felt a little spurt of juice in my mouth. I never knew that women came like that before.

Catrine eventually buckled her knees, and we collapsed back on to the sun lounger behind me, with Catrine on top, half kneeling above me, massaging my boobs firmly.

"Suck my nipples!" I whispered, the ache in them getting too much for me. I closed my eyes as she shifted her weight above me, and I felt her mouth close round my right nipple. She suckled at it greedily, making me writhe about underneath her. I couldn't ever remember feeling like this even with my boyfriend, and I thought that our sex life was pretty good. All I can think of now is how many times I came in delicious little climaxes until Catrine brought me off with her fingers to a really hard orgasm that made me arch my back and yell out. I've never been so wet as I was then.

"You have real sensitive nipples, don't you?" Catrine grinned, starting on my other nipple. I lost track of time then, just sitting back revelling in orgasm after orgasm. It was pretty exhausting, and I was glad when Catrine suggested that we go indoors. The apartment was beautiful, but all I could think of was the way

Catrine's arse was teasing me as she walked in front of me, leading me into the bedroom.

At last she lay on the bed in front of me, her lovely brown legs splayed, showing me clearly how wet she was. I stood there, while she teasingly ran her fingers down the slit of her cunt, and then took her index finger and licked it, still looking at me as she sensuously sucked all her own juices off it.

That alone was almost enough to make me come, but what she said next really got me excited. "If you look in that drawer," she grinned, pointing over to her dressing table, "you'll find something that might shock you, but we can both enjoy it!"

I was puzzled, but opening the drawer I couldn't help the gasp of amazement as I stared at the enormous double dildo which lay casually among Catrine's expensive collection of silk underwear. It had a leather strap on it, so that you could attach it round your waist. Just looking at it made me tremble with lust.

"Hurry up, put it on!" Catrine urged me, lying back on the bed. "I can't wait for you to fuck me with it!"

I'd never tried anything like this before, but I eagerly strapped the dildo round my waist. One end of it fitted snugly in my cunt when I'd adjusted the strap, with a little button pressing right on my

clitty, making me tremble inside already, and a good sized false penis filling up my cunt. The other end was for Catrine, and it was huge, at least eight inches long.

I felt a bit self conscious as I approached the bed, but all Catrine had her eyes on was that huge, thick, plastic penis. She spread her legs as wide as she could and I crouched on the bed above her, getting ready to mount her.

"Quick - push it in!" she yelled, arching her hips upwards. "I want to feel it all inside my cunt!" I lifted her legs around my waist and just plunged the dildo in hard. I felt a spurt of juice as Catrine's cunt was filled to the brim with it.

"Pump it!" she yelled, writhing below me. "Do it harder!" I thrust my hips back and forth, fucking her with the dildo and frigging myself off at the same time. I'd never felt anything like it - it was incredible.

I felt Catrine coming underneath me, pushing her hips up really hard, which just made the feelings in my cunt triple in intensity as the dildo thrust even harder into me. Catrine was screaming now: "Fuck me, Janie, fuck me hard. Oh, you're making me come, you're fucking me!" The idea of fucking another woman, the way my boyfriend fucks me, was what sent me right over the edge, and I panted and gasped as I felt myself letting go with the force of my orgasm. My cunt seemed to be contracting harder and faster than ever before; I'd never come like that.

Catrine was grinding her pubes against mine in a frenzy, and the friction meant that I carried on coming while she did. I'd never seen anyone let go so totally. She was covered with sweat and reached up to claw at my boobs and hard, erect nipples as she came for the final, and hardest, time.

We lay there recovering for some time, licking each other's private parts clean of sweat and love juices, caressing each other's bodies all over, just enjoying being in bed together. I'd never experienced anything like that before, and I wasn't sure how things would develop from there, but Catrine and I spent the whole of the rest of my holiday together, most of which time was spent in bed. By the end of the holiday I had no inhibitions left!

It was hard hiding what had happened from my boyfriend when I went home, and he still doesn't know why I now always go away to the same place on holiday. I've been back to see Catrine six times now, and have had to resort to buying a dildo for myself for when she can't be there to fuck me. - *Janie, Humberside*

Couples Confess

Share and share alike! That's the idea of good group sex. And here in Couples Confess is where you share your dirtiest real life experiences with us.

Partner swapping isn't really the kind of thing that has ever really interested me sexually. I've been married for 15 years, and my husband and I have always had a fantastic sex life. We're each able to tell the other what we like, what turns us on or off - and then we have great fun putting it into practice! So sleeping with another bloke, for whatever reason, had never interested me, until the events happened which I've decided to write about.

My husband Dave has been going for a big promotion this year and so we've had to entertain his boss a few times. Before the first time he and his wife came to dinner I'd never met him, but when I saw him I felt turned on straight away. He was quite old, around fifty I guessed, but he was very well preserved, with distinguished looking features and a really fine head of silver hair. I just couldn't stop staring at him as I passed around the pre-dinner drinks, and I could feel my crotch getting hot. My husband obviously noticed that I was staring at Gerard, and kept giving me knowing looks throughout dinner.

On that occasion nothing was said, but somehow I knew that the time was going to come when I was going to fuck Gerard. I had no idea just how soon it was going to happen.

About a week after they'd had dinner at our house, Dave told me that we'd been invited back to theirs. I made sure that I dressed at my most sexy, with a bright red sheath dress that really clung to my figure, and only a tiny pair of panties so as not to spoil the line of it! As I brushed my hair I looked at the way the dress made me look seductive; although my boobs aren't that big, they're high and firm, and my hips haven't suffered after two kids. I thought, what the hell, I'd have a good flirt with Gerard when I was there. Dave had told me that his boss had mentioned me quite a lot, saying that he liked me, so I thought it would be a fun evening.

When we arrived at their house Gerard's wife Thelma answered the door,and I could see Dave eyeing her up. She's about ten years younger than her husband, and obviously spent a lot of time and effort on her figure.

That night in clinging black velvet she was looking stunning. Dave could see me looking at her, my nipples suddenly going all hard and pointed under my dress. I almost recoiled with shock. I didn't want to start lusting after her too - that would really complicate things! And although I'd sometimes fantasised about having sex with a woman, I'd certainly never done anything about it.

The whole meal seemed designed to get us all as drunk as possible, to make us lose all our inhibitions. It certainly had that effect on me anyway; I got very giggly and flirtatious, touching Gerard's hand as we talked, and I could feel him playing footsie with me under the table. I couldn't help it; my eyes were sparkling, my cunt was juiced up, and basically I wanted a good fucking.

I thought Thelma might have been a bit annoyed, but on the contrary, she seemed to be smiling her approval as she watched my antics with her husband. And she was fully occupied with Dave anyway, by the time we got on to the brandy and coffee. Dave was stroking her hand and touching her knee as we sat in their huge lounge. I was sitting in an armchair on my own, feeling very tipsy, when Gerard called me over.

"You look really lonely over there," he smiled at me, patting his knee. "Come and sit over here." I didn't even think of the others as I walked over and sat on Gerard's knee. I could feel his hard-on under my bum as I sat down, and wriggled about on it just to tease him a little. As he grabbed me and kissed me, thrusting his hot tongue right into my mouth, I

didn't even think about the fact that both his wife and my husband were sitting there watching us. I knew Gerard must be able to feel my cunt juicing up through my dress as I wriggled on top of his hard-on.

"You're a very dirty girl, aren't you, Norma?" Gerard scolded me as he started to fondle my boobs, making my nipples ache to be sucked by him. He put one in his mouth then, nibbling the hard bud with his teeth through the material of my dress. I just held my head back and moaned as I felt the ripples of my orgasm begin to build up.

I couldn't see what Dave and Thelma were up to at that point, but I was curious, so as Gerard carried on teasing my boobs, his hands gradually working their way down to my moist fanny, I leaned back and opened my eyes. I

certainly got a big shock when I looked over to the other sofa.

Thelma, her dress up around her crotch, was lying half on top of Dave, fingering herself through the gusset of her silky panties, as Dave was licking and sucking her boobs. The top of her dress was rolled right down to her waist, and I could see that her finger was moving faster and faster as she frigged herself. Gerard, unaware of what they were doing, now had his fingers inside my fanny, and had started to masturbate me, moving in a quick, exciting rhythm inside my sticky hole. It was so stimulating watching my husband making love to someone else's wife so close to where I was getting a good frigging too.

Suddenly I saw Thelma stiffen, and her fingers worked faster in her cunt as she came, biting her lip and covering her fingers with juice. I'd never seen another woman come before, except in x-rated films, and the sight of it turned me on so much that I came very suddenly and sharply, making a little wet patch on Gerard's knee.

I could feel that his hard-on needed some urgent attention, so without thinking I reached down underneath me and pulled down his zip. I could feel his stiff cock pushing out as I pulled it down, and ran my fingers round the shaft, feeling how hot and heavy it was, and the throbbing that meant he wasn't far from coming. I started to wank him slowly, feeling the pre-come seeping from his knob end.

"I'm going to shoot my load!" he warned, and just then his cock jerked and sprayed a thick wad of spunk into my hand. Without thinking, I reached up and tasted it, then rubbed it into my chest, which was exposed by my low cut dress. This seemed to send Gerard wild. His cock stiffened up again instantly, and before I could say anything he'd shifted me on his lap so that my legs were splayed on the sofa round him. We couldn't get my panties down far enough for him to enter me properly so he pushed the crotch aside and I felt his semi-erect, slippery cock pushing into me. I was so excited by this time that it only took a couple of thrusts inside me, and a couple of rubs on my clit, and I was coming, yelling out and writhing in his lap as I let my climaxes wash over me.

I rested my head on his shoulder as I recovered from my orgasm, and looked over to where Dave was still getting down to things with Thelma. She was on her knees next to the chair where Dave was sitting, cradling his cock and balls in her hands as she sucked him off noisily. I wondered if I had the same expression on my face when I sucked Dave off, the same rapt concentration and the same cheek movements! I could feel Gerard starting to rub my clit and fanny again with his cock as I watched my husband getting his blow-job. He was holding the base of his penis as Thelma deep throated him, his balls slapping against her mouth. I knew when he was going to come, as I'd seen it so often. He shot his load fair and square into Thelma's mouth, and I could see her throat movements as she savoured and then swallowed his spunk.

I'd been too fascinated by

continued on page 98

DIAMOND NETWORK INC.

HOT SEX ACTION

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JODPHUR JILLY 0898 777 908
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FV/22 — ALL 4 VIDEO TITLES PRICES SLASHED TO £11.95

SWEET SEXUAL AWAKENING. Maria hires the local fishing boat to take her sight seeing around the Islands. Soon she notices the bulges in the fisherman's jeans and strips off and is taken by two hot rampant tools time and time again.

GIRL OF PASSION. The prim and proper sisters appear to have no sex life, but while one is touring the seedy areas of town, being screwed by anyone she can pick up. Meanwhile her sister is being screwed by a big black dildo worn by her lover.

SHE KNEW NO OTHER WAY. Desperate to 'make it' in films, the beautiful Maya agrees to take part in a blue movie. She has never been with another woman or another man. Soon there are six naked bodies around and the one nearest to her has a massive tool.

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RANCH OF NYMPHO GIRLS. The cyclist is told by the farmer he can sleep in the barn for the night. Suddenly one of the daughters is climbing under the blanket with him. No sooner is he inside her, when another daughter arrives, then the other.

CONFESSIONS OF A RIDING MISTRESS. The riding mistress is certainly teaching Larry how to ride, but Larry would rather ride her. Eventually Larry has her standing up behind the stable. Then it is sex lessons every odd half hour.

WAVES OF LUST. 2 couples spend a weekend on a luxury yacht. The next morning they see the wife of the other couple giving her husband a blow-job while one of the crew screws her.

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0898 884 242
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0836 402 719
RAW SEX
0836 402 721
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0836 402 676
SEX IN SUSPENDERS
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OLDER WOMEN
0836 402 712

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0836 402 560
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0836 402 571

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0836 402 714
KNICKERS
0836 402 715
HOT PLEASURE
0836 402 713
DO IT AGAIN
0836 402 718
DARK AND SWEET
0836 402 719

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0836 400 957

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0836 400 886
TAKEN FROM BEHIND
0836 400 780
HE WATCHED US DO IT
0836 400 931
OPEN WIDE!
0836 400 947
HORNY HEATHER
0836 400 979

HEATHER FOR LEATHER 'GIVE ME ONE'
0836 400 861
I CONFESS
0836 400 700
OLDER WOMAN WANTS SEX
0836 400 976
PUSSY PLEASE
0836 400 812

RANDY MANDY 'DEEP THROAT!'
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SEX ORGY
0846 400 867
DOGGY FASHION
0836 400 717
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0836 400 989
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0836 400 718
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0836 400 826
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0836 404 723
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OLDER WOMEN
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MY speciality is a hand job, but I can just talk dirty if that's what you want. Call 0839 083 953.

SOLDIER or sailor wanted for fulfilling sexual relationship. I'm young, a bit plump with squeezable breasts. I'm also disgustingly horny. Call me. 0839 083 954.

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DRESSED like a tart no man can resist me. 0839 083 956.

MY husband calls me a slut but he's just boring. Really dirty men call me on 0839 083 957 strictly for fun.

ARE you frustrated? I can relieve you now. Just call 0839 083 958. I need to talk dirty.

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HORNY married women want to satisfy their desires with you. 0839 083 966.

NYMPHO wants to meet someone who can really satisfy. One man has never been enough, call me on 0839 083 967.

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PLEASE spank me. I've been a naughty girl again and must be punished. 0839 083 970.

NYMPHO wants sex. Call now. 0839 083 971.

EXTREMELY large, mature lady, wants to satisfy you. 0839 083 972.

VOYEUR wants to watch his wife with another man. She's got breasts like melons and loves high heels, stockings, suspenders and crutchless knockers. Genuine applications only dial 0839 083 973.

LIFT my skirt and slide my white lacy panties down slowly. 0839 083 974.

GIRL, good looking, small breasts, wants two men to join her fantasy. 0839 083 975.

CAMERA owner? Pretty model poses glamour, nude, fantasies. 0839 083 976.

VERY naughty air hostess seeks man friend for really horny sex. Will wear my uniform if it turns you on. 0839 083 977.

TWO young female Swedish students (just 18) touring UK want free bed and breakfast on their travels. Willing to pay in kind. Call 0839 083 978 quickly.

18 YR old deliciously naughty college girl seeks headmaster figure for dormitory spanking sessions. 0898 122300.

BISEXUAL lady (28) with younger girlfriend urgently wants a super stud to act out her fantasies with. Girlfriend to watch. Possibility of threesomes. Dial 0898 122301.

43 YEAR old housewife, enormous breasts, brunette, loves wearing stockings and suspenders, will give sex education lessons to young men in exchange for a few little jobs around the house. Telephone 0898 122302.

HELP! Plain but energetic girl (23) desperately wants older man (or couple) for sex tuition. No weirdo's, I want to try everything. Phone 0898 122303.

WANTED! Well hung men for sex video. No time wasters, call anytime 0898 122304.

RELAXING soothing blow job. 0898 122305.

SPORTSGIRL has used blue knickers. Masturbation lovers only phone 0898 122306.

ATTRACTIVE lady (29), understanding husband, seeks physical men for sexy fun and recreation, no weekends. Phone 0898 122307.

DRIVE me wild in bed. Divorcee 26 years. 0898 122319.

FOR the very best in hand massage 0898 122309.

LARGE breasted busty female seeks shy young man to teach about sex. Call 0898 122308.

TWO young female students, very tanned, very physical, very poor, want young man (or men) to entertain them. If we like you we can be really dirty. Please phone, evenings only. 0898 122310.

HOUSEWIFE with plenty of free time (36) wishes to meet man for all sorts of sexy fun. Must be discreet. Your place only. Big men ring 0898 122311.

FRENCH au pair seeks English men for sexy fun. Weekends only but call anytime on 0898 122312.

BROADMINDED divorcee (28) seeks horny single men or couples for sex and mutual satisfaction. Ring 0898 122313.

LESBIAN couple who may be bi-sexual seek large hung man to give pleasure, or just to watch, call on 0898 122314.

VIRGIN, 19, needs kind considerate experienced man. Please help me. 0898 122315.

HOUSEWIFE is into being tied up and cared. Husband isn't. Adventurous man wanted to fulfil my fantasy. Call discreetly 0898 122316.

DRIPPING with money. Rich girl, single, tall, slim but curvy, wants a man for good physical sex. Call Jessica 0898 122317.

RANDY mother and daughter want a sexy threesome with any well built stud who calls 0898 122318.

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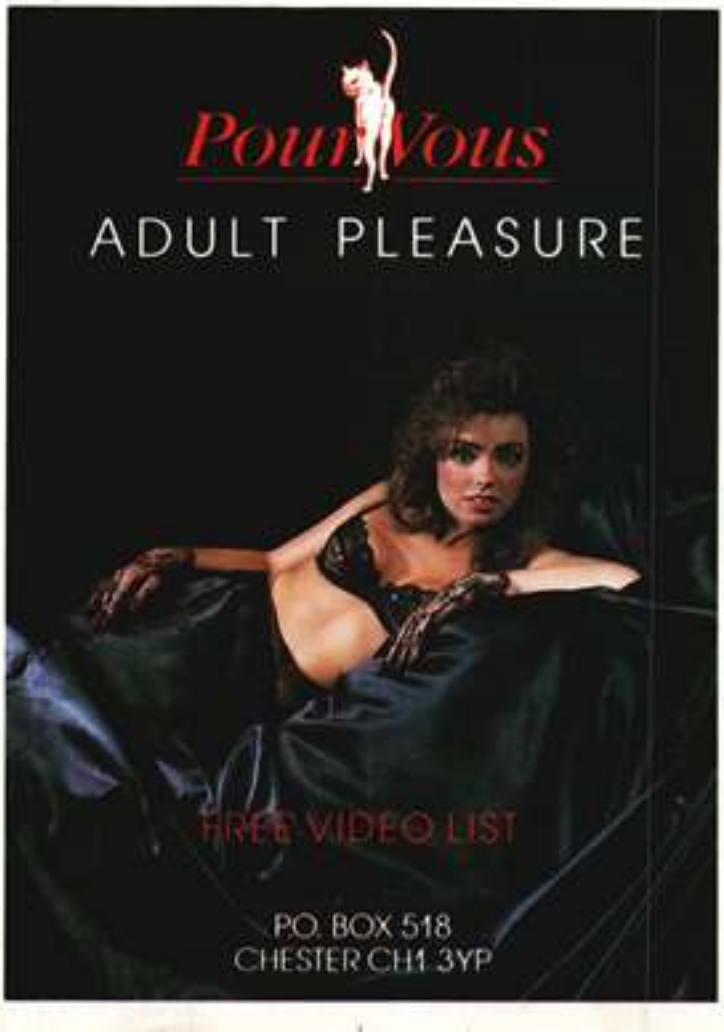


Natasha

You might have noticed that there are rather a lot of shots of Natasha's delicious arse in this set. That's because the hussy just loves to show it off!

"I think my bum's definitely my best feature," 21-year-old Natasha told us, "so I make sure I show it off as often as I can. I love walking round in the summer with a

Photographs by Harry Linden

loose, see through skirt on with no knickers. Everyone can tell that just under that thin material is my naked bum, and if there's a sudden gust of wind and my skirt blows up, I love the feeling of giving everyone a really good flash! After my last Club appearance I made sure I took every opportunity to do just that.

"I really pamper my bum with lots of lotions and creams as well, and I love my lovers to massage my cheeks and feel how silky smooth they are. Then of course, one thing leads to another, and I get a good seeing-to. Looking after my bum really pays off, you see!" ♣

COMING IN
club
OOOOOOH!

The Ed has seen exactly 13,571 ladies with no clothes on, and remained almost normal. But the sight of Sarah here (36-24-38 plus the cutest pussy in the world) made him jump into a vat of live eels and sing "Ging gang goolie goolie goolie goolie watcher". See Sarah's spectacular ten-page centrefold next month, and your privates may explode. You have been warned.

Volume 19 Number 1 - on sale January 4th

simply our horniest issue ever

Couples Confess

continued from page 69

that sight to notice that Gerard had been rubbing my fanny all that time, but now I realised that I was very wet. I squirmed, feeling the hot wetness, wondering what I was going to do about it, when Gerard suddenly spoke.

"I think we all know what these girls want, don't we?" he said. He moved me from his lap, and undressed, then walked over to where the others were sitting. Thelma seemed to know what he meant. She stripped off her dress and helped Dave out of his clothes. Then they all stood looking at me.

"Ever fucked another woman, Norma?" Thelma asked as she came towards me. She rolled my dress all the way down and I stepped out of it, in a daze. I admitted that I hadn't. "But I've thought about it sometimes," I confessed. Thelma smiled at me as she knelt in front of me and ran her hands up the inside of my legs. I shivered with anticipation as her fingers moved teasingly higher, and then I felt her tongue on my cunt.

It was bliss. She began to tongue me faster and faster, and I gripped her head hard as I moaned at the pleasure of it. Next to me Dave was standing, wanking himself as he avidly watched Thelma licking me out.

"You look so dirty like that, Norma," he panted, tugging his cock as hard as he could. "I'm going to shoot my load watching you like that."

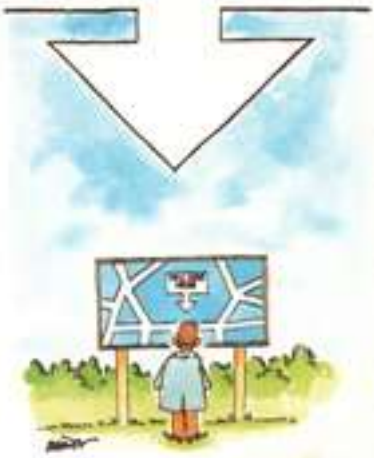
Meanwhile, Gerard had gone over to the sideboard, and emerged holding what looked like a banana, until he got closer to me; and then I could see that it was a long, cream coloured dildo. It must have been almost as thick as my wrist, and was a good ten inches long.

"Come on, Thelma," he grinned as he came back, his hard cock bobbing up and down. "I know this is what you need."

Thelma immediately pulled me on to the floor, so that I was sitting with my legs as wide open as I could, while she knelt on all fours between them, licking my cunt and clit furiously. Gerard was behind her by now, and I watched as he pushed the dildo between her cunt lips, then started to push it in and out slowly. At the first thrust I felt Thelma stiffen with pleasure, and then her tongue went faster as her husband fucked her with the huge dildo. I was coming in small, fierce climaxes by now, and I knew that Thelma was too, but the way she was moaning into my cunt as she licked me out.

Dave then shouted, "Here it comes!" and I had to duck as his spunk flew everywhere, most of it hitting Thelma squarely in the back. He furiously wanked his cock to release all the come from his balls as he stood there. By this time I was on my back, exhausted from my experiences, my cunt tingling and wet with juice and Thelma's saliva. And to top it all, as Gerard was bringing Thelma off with the dildo, I saw his come spurting from his cock. He hadn't even touched himself; what a sight!

Since that night we've had a lot more swapping sessions with Gerard and Thelma, and things have certainly got more adventurous and dirty. I've no inhibitions left now! And by the way, Dave got his promotion too. - *Norma, Worcester*



A POSITION OF MY OWN

From his usual position underneath Dominant Dowse,* Allan Bryce *tells us how he really likes to do it.

As this esteemed organ's long-time video correspondent I spend most of my time hunched up in front of my 27-incher watching other people shafting each other silly, which means I can probably claim to have seen more sexual action than any other man in this country - apart from the fella who cleans Cynthia Payne's windows, of course.

The long hard years of study have led me to two conclusions. One is that God put the little knob on the end of our penises to stop our hands slipping off. The other is that we all have our own strange little sexual peculiarities. Look at some examples: psychiatrists do it on the couch; dyslexics do it with a dictionary; lawyers do it in their briefs; teachers do it with class, and rugby players do it with odd-shaped balls. Yes, it's a funny old world, and I wish these jokes were too.

As to what gets my kettle boiling, well, I've got to admit that I've experimented with quite a few unusual techniques over the years, and usually found them to be more trouble than they're worth. Trying out page 135 of the Kama Sutra dislocated my left finger and got me thrown out of Sainsbury's, while an incident with a gravy boat and a pot of lemon curd was reported to the RSPCA and nearly got my girlfriend taken into care. Most disquieting of all was my first experience of oral sex in the 69 position. We'd just got started when the experienced older woman who was teaching me farted in my face - I jumped up and ran out, saying, "I'm not sitting still for another 68 of those!"

No, as far as I'm concerned the best way is the simplest way - the method most commonly known as the missionary position. It's a little-known fact that this got its name from the days when missionaries used to go into the jungles of Africa to spread the word to the natives. They were about as welcome as Salman Rushdie in a Mosque and always ended up with spears stuck up their bums, so the only way they could avoid this was to lie flat on their backs and pretend to be dead already - just like many of the girls that I have found myself schlonging away on top of.

The advantages of this position are considerable. For a start you've got less chance of getting it in the wrong hole - snooker players among you will know this unfortunate gambit as 'potting the brown instead of the pink', and you might need Vaseline rather than chalk on your cue to get out of it. It also gives the man more command of the situation: he can whale away for all he's worth in the certain knowledge that the object of his desire's not going to be able to wriggle out from underneath him even if she suddenly develops a headache halfway through. (Incidentally, I've found it doesn't hurt to handcuff her to the bed just to be on the safe side.)

Another big plus in favour of your straightforward shafting position is that it lets the dog see the rabbit, so to speak. You can really get stuck in and get your gob round that portion of your loved one's anatomy better known as the threepenny bits. And if they're really big ones then you can shove your head in between them and go "Burble! burble! burble!" - the sophisticated dollies I knock about with seem to love that.

And last but not least, we mustn't forget the advantages of being able to pull out your plunger at any given moment and schlepp it in between those sweaty mammaries to create what is affectionately known as a pearl necklace. Those who think this is a bit messy might prefer to cut out the middle man and just go straight into a climactic gob job, though from bitter experience it has to be said that girls named Sharon or Tracy need plenty of advance warning to remove their chewing gum.

So there we have it. And all the evidence suggests that girls seem to like it too. Let's face it, the Great Architect didn't slap their clitoris on the front side of their fanny for no reason and that's fact, not friction! But regular readers of my column will know that there's one thing that maybe beats even the missionary position for simple sexual satisfaction. Known in its various forms as 'beating the meat', 'pulling the pud', 'tossing your cookies', or just plain 'punishing Percy in the palm', you can't beat a bit of self-abuse. What the hell - it's sex with someone you love, isn't it? ♣

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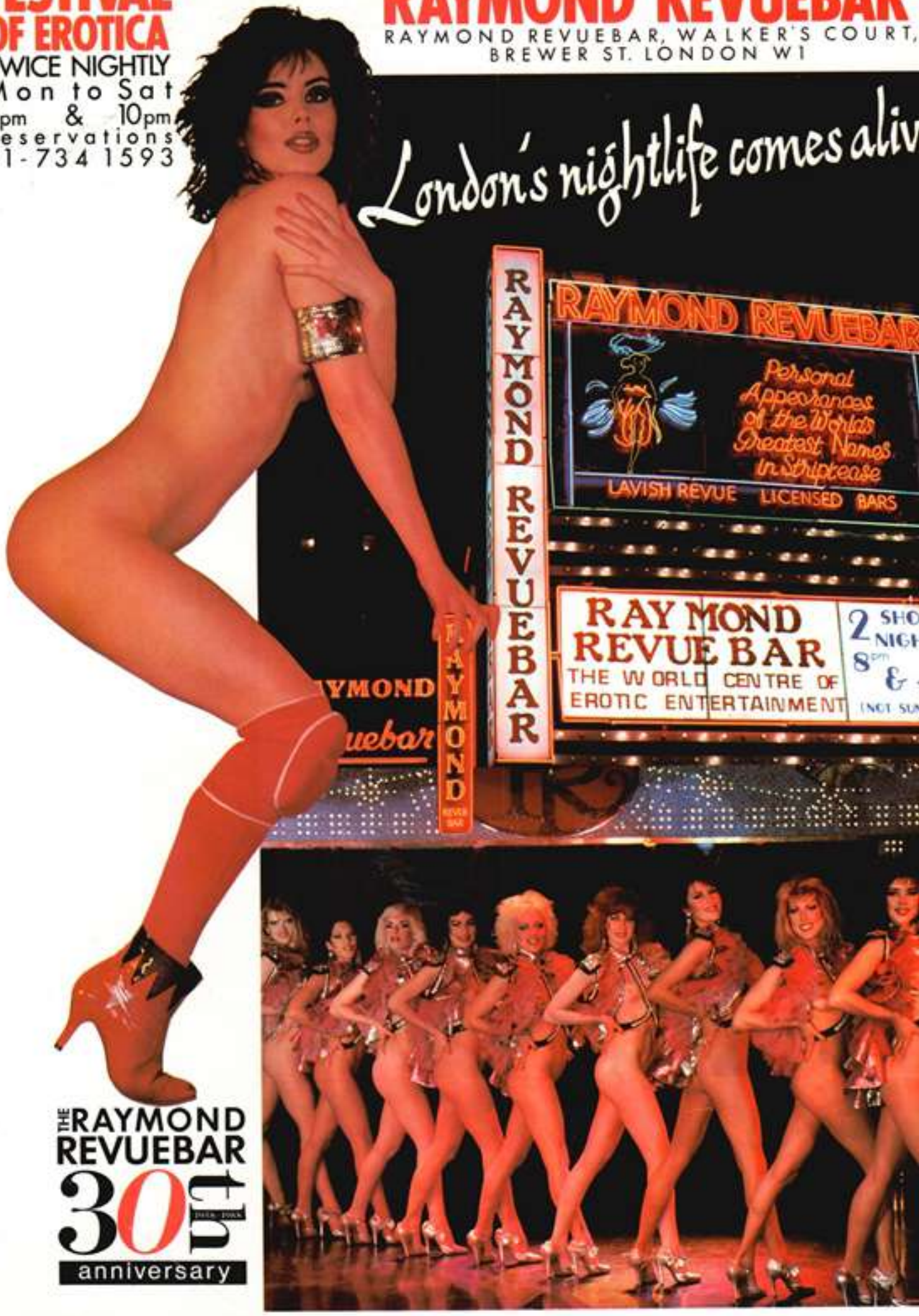

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